

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week,

Fashions, Fiction, Music and the Drama, Varieties, &c.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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No. 125.—VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

[PRICE THREEPENCE.
Post Free, 4s. 4d. per Quarter.]

REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.

THESE lines will probably meet the eye of few who have been unfortunate enough not to make the acquaintance of Charles Kingsley, in at least one of the characters which he has sustained with so much honour to himself and profit to the public—whether as novelist, poet, essayist, theologian, social reformer, or active philanthropist. His is a reputation that charms alike the grave student in college halls, where his lectures are prized, and the saunterer by the sea-shore, who loses himself in the delightful pages of "Glaucus;" while to the readers of fairy legends the "Water Babies" will ever be a favourite. As a preacher, Mr. Kingsley, as is well known, is one of the leading representatives of the muscular school of Christianity, of which the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" is also an ornament; and as the champion of that terrible visitation for delicate lungs, a biting north-east wind, he is often good-naturedly taken to book. As a theologian, he occupies a very distinct place in our age—his name, with that of Professor Maurice, being the battle-cry of a very large and influential party; nor will his brisk passage of arms with Dr. Newman, which gave the whole of the religious and literary world something to talk about a year or two since, be readily forgotten when he is spoken of in his clerical capacity.

The son of the late Rev. C. Kingsley, rector of Chelsea, Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, on the 12th of June, 1819. He is descended from an ancient family of Cheshire, the Kingsleys of Kingsley, in the forest of Delamere, who suffered severely during the civil wars for their adherence to the cause of the Parliament. He was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of the Rev. D. Coleridge, and afterwards studied at King's College, and Magdalen College, Cambridge, working with the energy that characterises all he does, and bearing off many prizes. After devoting some time to preparation for the law, he turned his attention to the Church, became curate at Eversley, a moorland parish in Hampshire, and that living subsequently becoming vacant, he was presented to it by the patron, the late Sir John Cope. Although a comparatively out-of-the-way church, surrounded by a hard-working, humble population, Mr. Kingsley has rendered it famous throughout Europe by the fine manly discourses he has delivered from its pulpit, homilies afterwards to find their way into print and appeal to



REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.

(From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.)

the warmest sympathies of thousands of educated readers.

Mr. Kingsley's first appearance as an author was in the character of a dramatic poet. In 1848 he published "The Saint's Tragedy," or the story of Elizabeth of Hungary, a saint of the Romish calendar. This poem is a sort of protest against superstitious homage and false miracles, but it gives also a vivid picture of life in the middle ages. His next work, brought out in 1850, was one of fiction—"Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet; an Autobiography." The design of this tale was to prove the evils of competition, and the grievances of the artisan class, who found in Mr. Kingsley a staunch and able champion. The same topics were handled more fully in "Yeast, a Problem," published in 1851. Then came, in the following year, "Phaeton, or Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers;" and, in 1853, the now well-known work "Hypatia, or New Friends with an Old Face." These were succeeded by a series of lectures, and then appeared his

famous novel, "Westward Ho!" and his pleasant treatise of "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore." In the novel the author threw himself into the exciting and brilliant Elizabethan period, professing to relate the "Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh." In the delineation of passion, especially in portraying the love of Amyas Leigh, he proved himself eminently successful, but part of the most popular passages in the tale, the most highly wrought and easily remembered, are the pictures of wild Indian life and scenery.

His next novel was published in 1857, under the title of "Two Years Ago," and was of the same practical class as "Alton Locke." This was followed in a few months by "Andromeda, and other Poems," a classic theme adapted from a Greek legend. His later works are almost too well known to call for mention. They embrace "Miscellanies" from *Fraser's Magazine*, "The Roman and the Teuton Lectures," delivered at Cambridge in 1864, "The Water Babies," and "Hereward, the Last of the English," with various volumes of sermons and tracts.

Mr. Kingsley was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1859, and in his capacity of Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen he has often been a guest at the Royal table.

The poetry of Mr. Kingsley, like that of Lord Lytton, is not so well known as his novels, but many beautiful lyrics of his have been set to music, and are wonderful favourites in thousands of English homes. Such of our readers as are not familiar with the following will thank

us for quoting it, and indeed it will afford a better notion of Prof. Kingsley's genius than any words of ours:

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



For Better, for Worse.

By MARGARET HOPE,
Author of "Many Shades of Life," &c.

CHAPTER III.

JANET had been married about six months, when one evening Mr. Fenton brought news of having met Miss Williams and Mr. Arkroyd, and of having invited the former to spend the day with his wife, and the latter to dine and take his *fiancé* home in the evening.

Janet was very happy to see her cousin, though they had never been very intimate; for whilst the education of the one had been completed at home, that of the other had been "entirely" received, as her mother was wont proudly to say, "at the first schools in London and Paris," so that, as girls, it was only during the holidays they ever met, and then the immense difference in their tastes and pursuits interposed a natural barrier to anything like close friendship. Still, on Janet's part, there was a kindly, cousinly feeling, that was almost affection, for Lily, who, however, was prompted to this visit by no other motive than "to see what sort of a muddle the Fentons lived in with one servant."

"Well, then, Janet," said Lily, as they sat chatting. "on the whole you can recommend the married state, and assure me that at least I don't risk happiness by entering it."

"Certainly," she answered, "so far as my own experience goes, I can strongly recommend it; but I do not see how I can give you the assurance you ask."

"Why?"

"Ah, it is asking me to enter on a long subject. First, before I could even form an opinion, I must know how far you and Mr. Arkroyd are suited to each other; whether your views and tastes accord, whether you are prepared to give mutual forbearance, and whether love has been founded on the rock of esteem, and, though last, not least, I should want a catalogue of your own domestic virtues and power of household management."

"I think," replied Lily, "Arthur and I are fairly well suited as to mind and temper; certainly we dearly love each other. But, Janet, I never could live the life you do, and if my happiness is to depend on following your example, I am afraid there is small chance of it."

"I did not mean to insinuate that you should follow my example; circumstances vary so very much that no two can order their lives just alike."

"No, but generally I mean. I could not, for instance, spend my mornings in teaching a servant her duties; I could not give up balls and parties and the opera."

"There would be no need to do so if your husband's means permit indulgence in such pleasures."

"But, Janet, do you mean to say your husband's income obliges you to live as you do?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling, "I think it does."

"Then it's dreadful; and do you not fret at such bondage?"

Janet laughed outright now, and said:—

"I assure you, on the contrary, I hug my chains."

"Seriously, though, do you not long to go out more?"

"I cannot say that I do; still I really enjoy the pleasures of conversation and intercourse with cultivated minds; but we have this in a quiet way."

"In a very quiet way, it seems. Does not Mr. Fenton complain of the dull evening?"

"That would be very uncomplimentary to me, Lily, and he certainly never has done so."

"But can't you see, or don't you suspect, that he's bored?"

"Really, no; he always seems to be thoroughly happy and content. You see it is my whole aim to render him so."

"Yes, indeed, I see that; and I shall think Arthur dreadfully exacting if he expects me to give up everything as you have done."

Lily said this rather pettishly, and Janet, wishing to influence her, replied, very gently, though seriously:—

"But believe me, dear Lily, I am not conscious of having given up anything, nor have I been required to do so. Our income is small, and in order to be able to meet contingencies we find it necessary to live very quietly. Charles has never at any time suggested to me how I should order my way of life, and I know more, if I thought it prudent and wished it, he would be delighted to take me out, and I think from even the little I know of Mr. Arkroyd he also will make his wife's pleasure his own."

"That's different, Janet. You make your husband's pleasure yours. You said so; and it seems to me you quite spoil him, and in doing so forget you have a duty besides that to him, and one which surely ought to be considered, I mean duty to society."

"One's duty to society," said Janet, thoughtfully, "is to be a good wife and mother, if God wills, a true and ready lively friend, and in all things to set a good example."

"Well, yes; but you look at everything so gravely, Janet. Is it not also a duty to society to visit and correspond with one's friends and to live suitably to the station in which one has been brought up?"

"Of course one must visit one's friends, provided we don't let it generate into gadding. But living suitably to one's station seems to me living within one's means. It really looks like infatuation, the present fashion of living so much beyond them. For myself all I try to do is to incur no expenses but those I am quite sure we shall be able to meet."

"Why," said Lily, again, with some petulance, "if one is never to go out because of the expense, one is worse off than a grocer's wife, who can go in an omnibus and to the pit of the theatre."

"I agree with you that it is a pity we have all grown so extra 'genteel' that anything which was thought quite good enough for our parents, or certainly grandparents, is quite impossibly vulgar for us, and that so the mere keeping up of appearances is a most serious item in our expenditure, and obliges us often to forego a pleasure rather than indulge in it in a quiet way."

"Janet, you make me wish I had not consented to be married to Arthur. I shall ruin him if all you say is true. I cannot live a humdrum life."

"Dear Lily, don't say so; you said you truly loved him, and affection will make it easy to give up everything, contrary to his interest, which is of course your own."

"If I give up a great deal, visiting and the opera, I cannot do with one servant, or go to bed at ten o'clock, or get up at unearthly hours, as you do. Neither can I cook, nor, indeed, sew much."

"I am afraid I must tell you," said Janet, "that to have things go smoothly you will find it needful to do all this. But it is my conviction that the greatest effort required is to make up your mind to it."

"Ah! you don't know me. I must have a certain ladylike *entourage* or I can't be happy. I am sure, having been used to a carriage at home, I can't do without a hired brougham whenever I reasonably require one."

"That would not be often; your reasonable requirements are limited in most things, and very much so in the matter of broughams. I have not had one since I married."

"What not to return your calls?"

"No. People who would require me to incur needless expense on their account would not be worth knowing. I found a cab occasionally quite as much as I could afford."

"You certainly must, Janet, be the strongest-minded woman ever born."

"If it is strength of mind which enables me to do my duty as far as I see it, it is a comfort to me to possess it. But tell me, Lily, and then we will change the subject, should I not be both foolish and wicked to spend more money than Charles gives me, or rather, as I could not do that, incur debts; and do you not think it right, even at the cost of some little effort or self-denial, to save something against a time of sickness or trouble?"

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there could be no great difficulty in dishing up as each thing was prepared in its own sauce. The soup was partly made yesterday, and everything we required sent in last night, except the fish, which was very quickly prepared, and all Sarah had to do was to bake it half-an-hour. Then the beef was put on at eight o'clock this morning, with a sufficient quantity of vegetables, and enough weak stock to cover it. You know it was just the shin, and though the most delicious part for stewing requires cooking long and slowly, it was sufficiently done at twelve o'clock to allow me to wash and thicken the gravy and add a little soy, which was all the additional flavour it had. The beef was then returned to its gravy, and allowed to keep just hot till dinner-time, when it simmered for half an-hour. The vegetables had been put aside in a little stewpan by themselves, and just before dinner were allowed to get hot and they garnished the dish. As to 'the triumphant fowl,' as you call it, it was stuffed and ready for stewing before I left the kitchen, and the white onion sauce you so much admired also in its stewpan, so Sarah would have been a goose to have spoiled anything."

"But the pastry and sweets, Janet, did you make them?"

"Those weighty trifles I compounded yesterday, except the pudding, which Sarah had to boil, and I could see by the satisfied expression of her face she set it on the table that she thought the turning out did her credit."

"It was a delicious pudding; but, Janet, it seems to me you economise in some things only to be extravagant in others. That dinner must have cost a great deal."

"Less, I assure you, than a plain joint of beef. Supposing I tell you how much: the soup cost 9d.; the soles, 1s.; the beef, 1s. 4d.; the fowl Charles brought me from the market, 2s. 6d.; and vegetables and other sundries would certainly not come to 1s."

"But the pudding, Janet; it must have taken a quantity of lemons."

"Only one, and I can make it for 6d. Ah! I see you are going to catch me about the soufflé, and I admit that is a slight extravagance—it actually took four eggs, half a pint of milk, a little strawberry jam, and a sponge cake; but Charlie is so fond of it and considers it a *chef d'œuvre* of mine, that I indulged myself—let me see—at the expense of 10d. As to the pastry, that I always have in the house, as Charles likes it, and will only eat it if home made."

"You have gone so into facts and figures that I can't say there has been any magic, but I declare that our cook, who has a scullery-maid to help, never sends up anything half as nice or as hot as your Sarah has done to-day, and I hear mamma say they are most extravagant and that made dishes are ruinous."

"That is a pity, because they make a nice change. I should find it very awkward to have joints frequently; besides, I don't approve of living too much on cold meat, or of having it twice cooked very often."

"I shall be afraid when I am married to ask you to dinner, Janet; you would be so hard upon a failure."

"No, indeed, I should only be severe where no attempt was made to do the best circumstances allowed; but, Lily, you are going to become a famous housekeeper—to learn everything that can make home happy."

Lily, however, only shook her head, and looked puzzled and sad.

Meanwhile the gentlemen, after the manner of a pair when one has lately entered and the other is trembling on the verge of matrimony, discussed their respective prospects.

"It's delightful, Fenton," said Mr. Arkroyd, "to see you so happy and comfortable, with such a bright, cozy habitation, and such a presiding genius as your wife."

"I assure you if it's delightful to witness, the experience is infinitely more so. I sometimes think I'm the luckiest and happiest fellow alive."

"It's satisfactory to know you are not insensible to your blessings. As a prospective member of the family I must be allowed to say that while you have a most charming and graceful companion, whose rare sweetness is enhanced by good sense, you have at the same time been fortunate in securing one whose home virtues are quite resplendent."

"Thank you; it is always agreeable to a husband to hear his wife's praises. They find an echo in my heart; but nothing that can be said equals her merits or my appreciation," and in a low tone he added, whilst he inclined his head, "I often think, who am I that, above others, such a treasure should be given to my keeping; but I must hope, Arkroyd, that your own matrimonial venture may be no less successful."

"Lily," he replied, "is all I, or any other man, could wish; but she has everything in domestic matters to learn, and so I am a little anxious lest my income should be insufficient. Living, now-a-days, is enormously expensive."

"Yes, but you have more income than we, and with care and economy will do very well."

"And if we can press that fairy of yours, Management, into our service."

"At the same time, try if you can find another willing to join her, my mother-in-law's famous handmaiden, Simplicity."

Going home, Mr. Arkroyd expatiated to Lily on the perfect arrangement of her cousin's *menage*, and the charming manner in which she had entertained them. "I wonder, darling," he said, gently, "if we shall ever get on as well."

"Janet is a drudge," replied Lily, sharply. "I hope you don't expect me to be one."

"Mrs. Fenton does not give me the idea of a drudge, my dear. On the contrary, she looked at the head of the table every inch the lady. I think she is a most charming person."

"Did you notice her hands, pray?"

"They were neither so pretty nor so white as yours, love; but although one could see they had been so well-trimmed to their owner, by their cleanliness and well-trimmed nails they fulfilled all ladylike conditions."

"Are you aware that she cooked the dinner?"

"It did her infinite credit."

"Oh, I've no patience! If you want a cook and housekeeper you can engage one at a moderate rate, and she will make it her interest to feed you properly. On the

whole, it would be cheaper and less trouble than a wife. It's not too late to alter your mind, you know."

"It is too late, my Lily," he said, tenderly, "because life without you can never be happy to me. I would not change you for the most perfect housekeeper the world ever produced."

"Well, then, don't preach Mrs. Fenton to me any more, because it only annoys me. I shall never be like her, nor do as she does; it is not in me."

No one, having heard this, can say that Mr. Arkroyd went blindfold to his fate. If men who, like him, have only moderate incomes have not the sense to see that women without the knowledge of domestic affairs, or the wish to devote themselves to them, will make unsuitable wives, they must abide the inevitable consequence of wretched, mismanaged, extravagant homes. If they for any reason prefer either the girls who have been brought up in luxurious illness, or those whose whole aim is to attract them by a showy style of dress, and who appear in public with no other motive, they ought not to expect that they will be other than true to their training, for it is equally as true that if a child is trained up in the way she should go she will not depart from it, as that she will not depart from the teaching that has been false and vicious.

It is asserted in most things that a demand creates a supply. Can it be that the taste of the men of this age demands women for wives whose extravagant notions would go far to ruin the majority? When a man of moderate means sees a girl much abroad, constantly changing her dresses, always attired in the best and latest fashion, with the daintiest kid gloves and careless of soiling them, with broad ribbons and long streamers, elegant feathers and expensive bonnets, not to mention coils of false hair and much jewellery, he ought at once to consider whether he will be able to afford such things, whether it would not be impossible for the wearer to give them up, and whether they are not the indications of an extravagant habit of mind; or, if he thinks these things merely used as baits to catch him or some other husband, ought he not rather to recoil in disgust than be attracted by them? If he thinks vanity so ruling a passion in a woman that he excuses the errors into which it leads her, he should at least be sure that it will be as strong after marriage as before it, and consider if he can for *life* draw sufficiently, either on his purse or his admiration, to satisfy the cravings of fashion. Of course neatness and propriety of dress are necessary in every station, but the daughter of a tradesman or merchant now requires to be dressed like a duchess; not only to have the richest materials, but to have them made by expensive dressmakers in extravagant style. I speak within bounds when I say even in my own recollection dresses that were thought good enough for "best" by girls of this class are now worn in the morning, and that three dresses at least are required where one used to be sufficient, and it seems to me one need not look much farther than this for the cause of much domestic misery; for if a woman's whole soul is bent on her own adornment, she becomes selfish, exacting, and unwilling to give either time or interest to the comfort of those to whom she is bound, and it is certain also that so much pains about her appearance are not taken for their pleasure, but that she must be much in public "to show herself." Let it become known that men are tired of all false glitter, that they alone can be attracted by modest worth and domestic virtue, and things will be altered, and until then we can only say, like the veiled prophet, "Ye would be dupes and victims—and ye are!"

People who have either rank or riches are entitled to their measures of luxury and magnificence in dress as other things. But I do not write of these, or for them, but for the mass of miserable people struggling to vie with them, to seem what they are not, who sacrifice every consideration to that of outward show, straining every nerve to attain to a certain appearance which may entitle them to mix with persons richer and of more assured position than their own, and who, as a reward, are content with the pitying smile, or the helping hand given in derision, whilst they regard the disapproval of sensible people as an envious dislike of their success.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, Mrs. Green, and so you've heard of a situation for me?"

"Yes, my dear; and you go and give your warning this very night, for you're wanted within the month."

"It's certain then, mum, that I shall be wanted; for the amiable lady I've now the pleasure to serve is so fond of me, she won't spare me one minute before my time."

"You must wheedle her; or, if you can't do that, give a month's wages."

"Will that pay?"

With a wink the presiding genius of the register-office said, "Lucy Tomkins, I've provided for that; I've looked you out as the most favoured competitor for the prize of a young, inexperienced, new married lady."

"My month's wage is gone, Mrs. Green; I'm lost, what luck! What's the figger out; she'll give anything, her ma says, in reason, to a steady, careful cook."

"That's what I am, and no mistake."

"Her ma's a regular customer of mine, as good as an annuity; has two or three cooks every year, three or four housemaids, and small fry without number."

"Can't put up, then, the old party, with ways of modern domestics. I say, Mrs. Green, won't she be putting the young one up to a thing or two?"

"My dear, Mrs. Williams is a jewel; never goes in the kitchen, don't object to anything reasonable, only requires a good cook, who has the ability to study her own interests unobtrusively; but you know I could not live if I let her keep all my best girls."

"Oh, you're a artful one, Mrs. Green, that's what you are."

"Not so green as my name, my dear, that's all; but I must say Lucy Tomkins might take and wear it as a motto."

"Oh yes! Lucy is verdant when it suits her. But, to return to business, how many's kept, and what sort?"

"Experienced housemaid only at first."

"I must have a suitable male, mind."

"I've looked you out a girl after your own heart, who will work with you day and night. You know Emma Fairweather?"

"Jolly old Emma? She'll do."

"All right, she's engaged rather low, 14*l*, but her last place was backward in coming forward to give her testimonials, and I had to say she was annoyed at losing a valuable servant."

"If that's a cause for crusty character, whatever will become of me? I know Mrs. Dickson will be in a fine way when I give her notice."

"Never you mind, you've only yourself to look to; misses are all for themselves, and servants must look sharp for self. What wages shall you ask?"

"Seventeen, and all found."

"Better say sixteen, you can have any amount of pickings."

"Well, I'm not particular to a pound, for I should like to live in a place where I can dish the misses, and, bless your heart, there's small chance at Dickson's. Leg of mutton hot, cold, and hashed, and the joints of beef (not too frequent) scraped to the bone. Then the butter's lowanded, and its mean to screw out of the children; even the dripping used up, and I have to dodge no end of a lot to bag a bit. I hate such ways!"

"Ah! you'll have nothing of that kind to contend with in this situation—it's my belief Miss Williams knows no more how much suit goes to a pudding than my kitten. By-and-bye, perhaps, she'll begin to calculate, and then you must take things with an 'igh hand, and say you learned your business under a man cook who was a pupil of Francatelli, and that to make things proper and good you can't be stinted in trifles—which eggs and butter are."

"Dear me, Mrs. Green; after the confidence you was so obliging as to express in my innocence, your advice is supereggertory; leave me alone to manage a young inexperienced lady! Pray, ma'am, is my future employers rich?"

"Can't say, but it won't matter to you."

"Not a nutmeg, Mrs. Green. But if I've this painful duty to perform, as our school-teacher used to say when she hit us raps over our knuckles, I'll away and get it done. I feel for Mrs. Dickson, I really do."

"A matter of business, Miss Tomkins, and pray do the thing as such; and to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, wait on this address and say I sent you, and put on your engagement bonnet as well as your manners, and do credit to the character I've given you."

"Trust me, Mrs. Green, and thank you; and when I get to my new situation I shan't forget who recommended me in."

"If you please, ma'am, can I speak to you?" said Lucy Tomkins, to Mrs. Dickson, as soon as she returned to her house.

"Certainly, Lucy; come in. What is it?"

"If you please, Mrs. Dickson, I've long felt that I ought to be doing better, and therefore you must please to take my month's notice."

"Well, Lucy," said the lady, humbly, "I shall be sorry to lose you; it's so trying in my delicate state of health to change one's servants. If it is that you are not satisfied with your wages, I am sure Mr. Dickson will alter me to raise them."

"But it's not altogether the wages, ma'am; it's the opportunity I want."

"How so?"

"To improve myself. You see you live so plain; has no hentries; nothing but roast and boiled; and really I'm very sorry, but I must consider myself."

"Very well, Lucy; I am afraid if you cannot do with our way of living we must part. But I also am sorry."

"There's no help for it that I see, for I've thought and thought, and says I to myself, Mrs. Dickson me suits and I suit her, but there's no opportunities, and I laid awake and cried all night, and, says I, this won't do, so I'll tell mistress at once. I hope ma'am if I hear of a suitable situation you'll speak for me, and if so be you could suit yourself before the month, and release me I shall be much obliged."

"I will try, Lucy."

And poor Mrs. Dickson applied in a few days to that most respectable register office of which Mrs. Green was the nominal superintendent and real proprietress, and was supplied with a cook in time to allow the invaluable Tomkins to enter the service of the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Arkroyd.

"I did hope," said Mrs. Green, to the victim then under hand (Mrs. Dickson), "that now you were suited. Lucy is a very good servant, but she has the very common fault of not knowing when she is well off. I must say, after all your kindness and consideration, she looks a little ungrateful. It's enough to make ladies hard-hearted, for certainly the more they do for servants the more they may. But don't you mind, ma'am, I'll find you a good substitute; indeed I have one in my eye now." And so indeed she had, and earned several more half-crowns by dexterous management, in enticing away servants and supplying others to fill their place.

It was quite true, as Lucy Tomkins had said, that the Dicksons did live very plainly; for, as Mrs. Dickson had no knowledge of cookery herself, and could not afford to trust to a cook, she found the only plan open to her was closely to estimate the quantities required for the actual existence of her household, and to allow so much and no more. Thus a large leg of mutton, with a very limited supply of "trimmings," would usually, with a pudding, form the Sunday's dinner, and was expected to, and did last cold for two or three days. Bread and butter or treacle was all that was allowed for the children and nursery at other meals, and bread and cheese for the supper of the governess and servants. Of course these last fared better than the governess and children, for, with all the closeness of her calculations, Mrs. Dickson could not outwit such a clever girl as Lucy, who would have her "rasher" and dumpling or cake, whether

allowed or not. But the governess had a faded, languid air, that, together with the wearying nature of her occupation, must be attributed to insufficient nourishment. The children grew up very slight and delicate, with very small appetites, and unable to take anything but the fare to which they had been accustomed, turning even in disgust from any well-cooked stew, or anything but joints plainly boiled or roasted.

Mrs. Dickson was accustomed to speak of her children as if they belonged to some exceptional and extraordinary species. The least thing, she said, made them bilious; eggs were too rich for them, even boiled milk for breakfast could only be taken occasionally; a little tea suited them best. Coffee did not agree with them either, and cold bacon made them ill. It was certainly true, but why? The little creatures had been so stunted and so restricted that their stomachs had become even more incapable of discharging their office than they would have been if constantly loaded with improper diet. But it must not be supposed that Mrs. Dickson was not an affectionate mother. It was her judgment, not her heart, that erred, and the pity of it is that those errors of judgment are commonly more fatal than those of the affections. She argued, the children of the poor do not have delicacies and why should mine require them? If the children of working people get meat two or three times a week, is considered very well, and mine, with meat once a day regularly, ought to be very strong and healthy; and yet I believe it would suit them better to have rice or sago every other day, instead of meat. It is true that the hardy children of the true peasant type can live on very meagre food, if they have enough of it; but it is not so with the children of working people in large towns. They require, and commonly get, a more stimulating diet; if not actual meat, yet good substitutes for it in dripping and fat of various kinds, and vegetables cooked with meat; and if they do not have proper nourishment they become sickly and liable to disease. But Mrs. Dickson argued unconsciously from premises that suited her arrangements. She had a grand appearance to keep up, she and her children were always obliged to appear well dressed, and she had *carte blanche* to have the brougham whenever she thought it needful. There was of necessity always a neatly-dressed maid to attend the door for callers, and she herself always in readiness to receive them. To effect all this, as well as to have a large, "well-situated house," it was needful to pinch somewhere, for both she and her husband had a wholesome horror of debt. And so the lot fell on what she called "domestic economy," a rigid apportioning of the cheapest material on which life could be sustained. It was no wonder the doctor's bill was always heavy, or that he never suggested extra nourishment for anyone but Mrs. Dickson.

(To be continued.)

The Romance of Flowers.

COMPILED BY GEORGINA C. CLARK.

PART VI.

THE MIGNONETTE.—The modest and sweet-scented mignonette is a native of Egypt, and it may have stood in rich vases to perfume the chamber of the dying first-born of the most notorious of the Pharaohs. It may have been the plaything of Sesostris in his childhood, and been flung upon the couch of the dead Cheops by some beautiful hand of love. It must have been a familiar object to the Ptolemies, and doubtless the children of Israel looked at it often and sighed for an hour of rest and a happy home which the perfumed weed might decorate. Doubtless the infantine anger of Moses has been soothed with a sprig of the plant that is now so familiar in humble English homes, and perhaps the proud Cleopatra, had her hair been black instead of red—a colour much admired by the Greeks and Romans—might have decorated her beautiful head with garlands of mignonette. The *resida*, its ancient name, is mentioned by Pliny as a plant possessing the power of charming away disorders. It was first seen in England in 1752, and may be cultivated into a shrub by taking proper means.

The following story we copy verbatim from a work to which we are indebted for many of the particulars we have cited, and with it we bring these papers to a close:—

"Although it is so short a time since the sweet *resida* has been known in Europe, we find it has crept into the armorial bearings of a family in Saxony; and as Cupid does not so frequently bestow armorial bearings as his father Mars, we cannot avoid relating the romantic tale which introduced this fragrant and modest little flower to the pursuivant-at-arms.

"The Count of Walstheim was the declared lover and intended spouse of Amelia de Nourbourg, a young lady possessing all the charms necessary for the heroine of a modern novel, except that she took delight in creating little jealousies in the breast of her destined husband. As the beautiful Amelia was the only child of a widowed mother, a female cousin, possessing but few personal charms, and still less fortune, had been brought up with her from infancy, as a companion and as a stimulus to her education. The amiable and humble Charlotte was too insignificant to attract in the gay circle in which her cousin shone with so much splendour, which gave her frequent opportunities of dispensing a part of that instruction she had herself received on the more humble classes of her own sex. Returning from one of those charitable visits, and entering the gay saloon of her aunt, she found the party amused in selecting flowers, whilst the count and the other beaux were to make verses on the choice of the ladies. Charlotte was desired to make her selection of a flower. The sprightly Amelia had taken a rose, others a carnation, a lily, or the flowers most likely to call forth compliment; and the delicate idea of Charlotte, in selecting the most humble flower, by placing a sprig of mignonette in her bosom, would probably have passed unnoticed had not the flirtation of her gay cousin with a dashing colonel, who was more celebrated for his conquests in the drawing-room than in the field of battle, attracted the notice of the count so much as to make his uneasiness visible, which the amiable Charlotte, ever

studious of Amelia's real happiness, wished to divert, and, to call back the mind of her cousin, demanded the verse for the rose. The count saw this amiable trait in Charlotte's conduct, took out his pencil, and wrote for the rose,

Elle ne vit qu'un jour, et ne plaît qu'un moment,
which he gave to the lovely daughter; at the same time presenting the humble cousin with this line on the mignonnette—

Les qualités surpassent ses charmes.

Amelia's pride was roused, and she retaliated by her attention to the colonel and neglect of the count, which she carried so far as to throw herself in the power of a profligate, who brought her to ruin. The count transferred his affections from beauty to amiability, and, rejoicing in the exchange, and to commemorate the event which had brought about his happiness and delivered him from a coquette, he added a branch of the sweet residua to the ancient arms of the family, with this motto—

Your qualities surpass your charms.

THE END.

Pithy Notes for Ladies on Hair Restorers.



A SHORT paper in our last number drew attention to the diligent and useful researches of Mr. Matthews, F.C.S., and gave the results of his analyses, as given in the *Chemist and Druggist*, of the "precious" golden fluids extensively used by ladies for changing the colour of their hair. But Mr. Matthews has also turned his attention to the hair restorers which are employed for darkening the hair when it has turned grey. The active ingredient in almost all of these he has ascertained to be acetate or sugar of

lead, dissolved in a liquid containing a small portion of glycerine and some scent.

Mr. Matthews remarks that the hair, from its porosity, and from the fact of its containing a considerable proportion of sulphur, is capable of being easily altered in colour by the use of various metallic solutions, the colour produced depending on the metal employed, lead and silver blackening or darkening the hair.

This property which the hair possesses of being affected in colour by the use of certain metallic solutions has given rise of late years to a new class of preparations for the hair, called "hair restorers." It will be seen, from the subjoined notes, that in many cases "hair restorers" are stated to contain no dye. The truth of these statements very much depends upon what is understood by a dye. According to the common acceptance of the meaning of the word, most of these mixtures contain a dye, and the "restoration" is effected by the formation of a pigment in the very substance of the hair itself. A number of the best known of these preparations have been submitted by Mr. Matthews to a chemical examination, the results of which, as epitomised in the *Queen*, are annexed:—

No. 1. "*Hair Restorer*."—The label of this article asserts that "this preparation will restore grey hair to its original colour," that "it is not a dye," that it "acts directly upon the roots of the hair," and that consequently "its effects are gradual." In the directions for use we are told that it "must be used daily until the hair assume its natural colour," which will be "in periods varying from one to three weeks." This restorer consists of a colourless fluid, with a greyish yellow deposit of sulphur, with a minute quantity of white lead; the solution contains sugar of lead and glycerine. In a bottle containing ten ounces there are 44 grains of sulphur and 22 of sugar of lead.

No. 2. "*The World's Hair Restorer*."—The label of this preparation states that "it never fails to restore grey hair to its natural colour and beauty," that "it is not a dye," and that it "will not soil the skin, or most delicate head-dress." We are further assured that this "Restorer" is the best, because it contains no nitrate silver (sic) nor any other injurious ingredient. The bottle examined contained 8½ fluid ounces of mixture, composed of sulphur, in a solution containing sugar of lead and glycerine. The results of an analysis of the contents of an 8½ ounce bottle showed 75 grains of sulphur and 87 grains of sugar of lead.

No. 3. "*The American Hair Restorer*."—This, on its label and wrapper, is "warranted infallible to restore original colour to grey hair," also "not to contain any nitrate of silver, or any of the injurious substances which enter into the composition of ordinary hair dyes." Like the preparations previously noticed, this consisted of sulphur, sugar of lead, and glycerine.

No. 4. "*The Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer*."—The label of this "Renewer" states that "the proprietors are entirely confident that it will bring back the hair to its original colour," and that "it cures all diseases or humours of the scalp." This preparation was found to be similar to the others, the deposit containing sulphur and a trace of lead; the solution containing sugar of lead, glycerine, and a trace of lime. In distinguishing this preparation by the epithet "vegetable," the maker has allowed his inveterate faculty to overstep the bounds of truth.

No. 5. "*The Celebrated American Hair Restorer*."—By the label we are assured that "this is not a dye, but is original colour." The preparation consists of a deposit and a colourless fluid. It is composed of sugar of lead and sulphur and glycerine; but the sulphur used in this

case was evidently impure milk of sulphur, causing much of the lead to be precipitated in an insoluble form, instead of remaining in solution, decomposition having taken place between this last and the acetate of lead used in preparing the compound.

No. 6. "*Agua Amarella*."—This preparation is referred to on its wrapper as "this miraculous fluid," and on its label as "this truly wonderful discovery." The label states, moreover, that it "restores grey hair to its original hue," and that it "is free from all the dangerous and disagreeable properties of hair dye." This, like the others, consists of sulphur, sugar of lead, and glycerine.

No. 7. "*The Oxford Hair Restorer*."—Or, according to the label, "Capillary Liquid for Restoring Grey Hair to its Original Colour." This also "is not a dye." Here again we find sulphur, sugar of lead, and glycerine.

No. 8. "*The Great Hair Restorer*."—The label of this states that "it contains no dye, and will restore grey hair to its pristine hue. This preparation was found on examination to differ considerably from the others, inasmuch as it contained no sulphur and no glycerine, but consisted entirely of oxide of lead dissolved in a solution of potash, with a trifling deposit of white of lead.

Several other "restorers" were examined, but they also consisted of the same ingredients, with the proportions somewhat varied in each case.

The above preparations, with the exception of 5 and 8, contained, besides the ingredients mentioned, rose-water, lavender-water, or some other perfume.

On looking at their composition one is struck by their great similarity. With trifling exceptions, the constituents of all these restorers are the same, the proportions only varying.

All these preparations are said to restore grey hair to its original colour, but as their effect is due to the formation of the black sulphide of lead in the hair, it is difficult to understand how they can carry out the professions on the labels, in cases where the original colour has been red or Auburn, or any other light shade of colour.

The constant use of these preparations containing lead cannot but tend to serious results, being calculated to produce various diseases analogous to painter's colic, lead poisoning, and even palsy. In one or two of the preparations examined, much merit is claimed on account of their containing no nitrate of silver, and so not being liable to stain the skin. It is quite true that they contain no nitrate of silver, but then preparations of lead, although they do not stain the skin, are much more injurious to health than silver compounds.

The sulphur contained in most of these preparations appears to be useless, unless it is intended as a curative agent for any affection of the skin which may exist. No exception can be taken to the use of glycerine in hair washes.

Since the time that these so-called "restorers" have come into fashion, numerous advertisements have been inserted in the daily papers, the advertisers offering to supply the directions for making them on the receipt of a certain number of stamps. The recipe given below for the hair restorer is precisely of the same character as those nostrums analysed by Mr. Matthews; it is as follows: "The formula (from a correct analysis) for making at a cost of one shilling (which usually costs six times the amount) a bottle of the most popular and effectual hair restorer of the day. Acetate of lead, 45 grains; precipitated sulphur, 60 grains; glycerine, half a fluid ounce; rose-water, one fluid ounce; distilled water, to fill up to 10oz.

Directions for Making.—Well rub the acetate of lead with the precipitated sulphur in a mortar, gradually add the glycerine, and lastly the rose and distilled waters, and keep in a well-corked bottle.

Directions for Use.—Well shake the bottle; then with a small brush apply it to the hair from roots to ends. The restorer must be used every day until the hair becomes its natural colour, which will be in about seven to fourteen days; afterwards once or twice a-week will be sufficient."

There is one error in the above, and that is the expense of its manufacture; sixpence would more than cover the entire cost, bottle included. A profit of 1,100 per cent. is not bad for poisoning the brains of Her Majesty's lieges; but it may be replied that the quality of the brain of those using these preparations hardly admits of deterioration.

Essays and Sketches.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE:

THE GOOD-HEARTED FELLOW; OR, NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

BY MRS. C. T. ROBERTSON.

SO far as my experience of them goes, drunkards may be divided into three distinct classes. Number one, the periodical; number two, the violent and brutal; number three, and perhaps the most irreclaimable of all, those soft-spoken, good-tempered, easy-going, steady-tipling, ever-promising-amendment individuals known to society under the name of good-hearted fellows, or nobody's enemies but their own; and as it is from the latter that probably women suffer most, and with least sympathy from the world, they certainly seem to claim description in a ladies' paper. Of course the members of each class are more or less bad according to their individual dispositions, inclinations, and means of indulging their besetting vice, but there is a wide difference between them. The periodical drunkard is a man who, to express oneself appropriately, in sacrificing to Bacchus, only takes occasion now and then, say in one, two, or three weeks or months as the case may be. In the interval he is steady, sober, and industrious, but when the craving comes on he quickly succumbs to what he says it is impossible to resist, and tipsples away till the craving is satisfied, or his money gone. The brutal and violent drunkard is a disgusting sot, such as one can rarely pass through the streets, especially in a poor neighbourhood, of a Saturday night without meeting, staggering along, uttering imprecations and insulting all he meets. This wretched being,

who is generally one of the lowest type of men, beats his wife, starves his children, drinks from early morn till he is forcibly turned out of the public-house at night, and rolls along the streets like—well, like nothing else in nature save the degraded creature he is—groping his way to the dirty hovel where his family dwells, there to add to the misery of his wretched wife by his brutal blows, and poison the minds of his offspring by his unholy words. A drunkard of this class does not generally last long, although far too long for those connected with him.

And now for a specimen, harrowing as it may be, of that class of drunkards denominated good-hearted fellows, for no other reason, that I can perceive, than because they are the most heartless rascals in existence. The good-hearted fellow is generally tolerable, and in many cases very well educated, is good-looking, gentlemanly, with a genial smile and a merry voice; he can sing a comic song or tell a humorous tale with any man, and is liked and sought after by all. He generally has a good situation that any other man would have been discharged from long before, but which his employers, having discovered him to be a good-hearted fellow, have permitted him to retain, with only a gentle reproof occasionally administered. The good-hearted fellow loves his wife and adores his children; no beating, foul words, or vulgar brutality about him; and yet, if you look in at his home, you will, in forty-nine cases out of fifty, see an empty cupboard, a tiny (or no) fire, scant furniture, scant bedding, a pile of pawn tickets; a weary, white-faced woman, sew, sew, sewing all day long; a lean baby with hollow eyes, and a group of hungry-looking, thinly-clad children.

If you ask his eldest son Johnny where is the nice new coat his poor old grandmother bought him, he will tell you in pawn. Who pledged it? Father. What did he do with the money? Spent it at the public-house. Or ask little consumptive Polly and crumby Billy where are the nice warm frocks a kind lady gave them, and the answer will be the same, always the same—in pawn, father pledged them. The winter is bitterly cold; so, deprived of their warm clothing, Johnny, Polly, and Billy have to go shivering; consumption takes a still further hold of Polly's little sickly frame, while crumby lies in wait to strangle Billy at the first opportunity; and yet their father—a monster who not only recklessly squanders away all his own earnings, leaving his wife and children to starve to death or live how they can, but who, callous to all cries of nature, strips from off his sickly offspring the clothing that the hand of charity has provided, and that to pamper his own selfish vices—is said to be nobody's enemy but his own, and is called a good-hearted fellow! And why, forsooth? Just because he is an agreeable companion, and is always ready to squander away on sots like himself, and money which, considering he has a wife and children wanting it at home, is not his own to spend.

He does spend it, though, often to the uttermost farthing. In vain does his white-faced wife, with her little sickly baby in her arms, endeavour to waylay him on the road from his work on Saturday afternoons. "Just look out, will you, Tom, and see if you can see anything of my missus?" he takes the precaution to ask some fellow-workman and boon companion, adding, "she's almost sure to be there;" so the boon companion reconnoitres and reports accordingly. Thereupon the good-hearted fellow, who can't stand prayers and entreaties in his sober moments, determines to avoid them by giving his wife "the slip," and so leaves his workshop or office by the back way. Equally in vain, too, when, after having hunted for long hours in dozens of public-houses, she finds the right one at last, and him in it, are her entreaties to get him away before all his wages are spent. "Come home, Charley," she pleads; "for the sake of your poor little starving children, come home." But the good-hearted fellow, who is pot-valiant now, declines to do anything of the kind, and is prepared to stand any amount of entreaty; chucks his wife under the chin, offers her some beer, and in affectionate though somewhat incoherent accents, advises her to go home herself and go to bed, adding that "for his part he don't intend to seek the shelter of his ancestral hall till rosy-fingered Aurora shall have opened the golden gates of day." Of course a roar of laughter from his companions follows this choice sail of wit, in the midst of which the white-faced wife, knowing from sad experience that all further efforts to get him away will be fruitless, glides out of the room and returns, heart-broken, to her cheerless abode, and the good-hearted fellow keeps his word, for the small hours of the morning are far advanced when the doors of his wretched home are thrown open and he staggers in.

The bright daylight of Sunday morning comes, and the little children, who are hungry, and the white-faced wife, who is both hungry and wretched, wake early; but the good-hearted fellow, who is neither, sleeps till midday. When he wakes his wife asks for money; he has none to give, so of course there is a scene—tears and reproaches from her—promises of amendment from him. "Look at your starving children," sobs the wife. The good-hearted fellow does look, and sees little pinched faces and wasted forms, and, because he is a good-hearted fellow, dashes away a tear from his eyes, calls himself a rascal, expresses his inability to endure the sight of their misery, and his determination to borrow five shillings of somebody to relieve it, and, snatching up his hat, rushes out. He soon meets a friend, and asks for the loan of five shillings, which is lent—for who can refuse such a good-hearted fellow?—and is never paid. On the strength of the loan the good-hearted fellow invites his friend to take a glass, which invitation the friend per force accepts. A public-house is entered, and the glasses are called for and discussed. One glass breeds a longing for more, and the good-hearted fellow, who is not the man to resist temptation of any sort, indulges in a second, and then a third. Presently, some friends drop in and ask Charley to stand treat, and Charley being in funds, does stand treat—how should he refuse when he has the reputation of being such a good-hearted fellow?—so the hungry wife and children are forgotten; and drink, which the other good-hearted fellows in their turn stand, is freely indulged, and about midnight the husband staggers home without a penny in his pocket,

and in lachrymose tones deplores the gentle softness of his own kind heart, which won't allow him to resist temptation, try how he will. The photograph is a sad one, but we dare not leave it yet. On Monday morning the good-hearted fellow, who can't work till he gets his dram, prevails upon his broken-spirited wife, on promise of instantly turning over a new leaf, to take some article, which has hitherto escaped the general wreck, to a neighbouring pawnbroker's. The article is taken and pledged, the dram is bought and hastily imbibed, and he goes off to his work; and during the ensuing week the family have to manage how they can—his wife must toil or his children must starve. As for himself, when there is anything at home payable, he pawns it; when there is not, he can always loiter of an evening round public-house bars, and either get his friends to treat him, or run up a score to be wiped off on the next Saturday night; and when that next Saturday night comes round, the same scene of watching, dodging, entreating, tipping, spent wages, and midnight home return is repeated, and perhaps a few shillings are saved from the wreck, and perhaps not, just as the case may be. The Sunday comes, with its reproach, tears, and promise of amendment, and the Monday, with its pledging and morning dram drinking all over again, and so on from one year's end to another. The children either die young or grow up uneducated and neglected, and it is my opinion that if you were to question the occupants of our prisons and the lost women in our streets you would find that in nine cases out of ten their fathers had the reputation of being "good-hearted fellows, and nobody's enemies but their own."

Theatres and Amusements.

COVENT GARDEN.—Various Operas. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—The Man of Two Lives.—Puss in Boots. Seven.
HAYMARKET.—Blue Devils.—Home.—The Captain of the Watch.—Make your Wills. Seven.
ADELPHI.—A Day's Fishing.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Black and White.—Whitehall at Greenwich. Seven.
PRINCE'S.—Twice Killed.—(At Eight) Dark.—The Secret. Seven.
LYCÉE.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Life for Life.—Hypocrites. Seven.
OLYMPIA.—Cash versus Cupid.—(At a Quarter to Eight) The Thirst of Gold. Seven.
GLOBE.—The Happy Family.—(At Eight) Minnie.—Brown and the Brahmins. Seven.
STRAND.—A Widow Hunt.—Joan of Arc.—Hue and Dye. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard.—(At Eight) School.—Intrigue. Half-past Seven.
GAIRY.—The Two Harlequins.—(At a Quarter to Eight) Dreams.—Robert the Devil.—Ballet. Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—Trying it on.—Won by a Head.—The Little Rebel. Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—A Loving Cup.—(At Nine) Claude Du Val.—The Boarding School. Half-past Seven.
NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—The Spitalfields Weaver.—Dearer than Life.—The Royal Marriage. Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven. Morning Performances on Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.
CENTRAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; thirty-five performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, REGENT-STREET.—Royal Christy's; 100 performers. The Largest Entertainment in the World. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday at Three and Eight.
MADAME TESSARD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

APRIL 11. SUNDAY.—Second Sunday after Easter.
12. Monday.—New moon 1.48 A.M.
13. Tuesday.—Length of day 13h. 39m.
14. Wednesday.—Princess Beatrice born, 1857.
15. Thursday.—Easter Law Term begins.
16. Friday.—Sun rises 5.4 A.M.
17. Saturday.—Twilight begins 2.50 A.M.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.
THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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* All Subscriptions payable in advance, by Post-office Order (on Fleet-street), to William Freeman, Publisher, 102, Fleet-street, London. All communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to him at the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet-street, E.C.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Wash the alpaca in suds as warm as the hands can bear, not warmer; and to which two pennyworth of Friar's Balsam has been added. Rinse in suds about the same heat. Cold or hot suds shrink the material. If good it should look equal to new, but many fancy goods are sold under the name of alpaca which are not genuine. Have it mangled, and afterwards iron it on the right side.
T. F.—The Soto Bazaar would be a good place for the purpose as any we know of. 2. The Post-office Directory will supply you with the information you require.
TROUBLESHOME (Brixton).—The receipts you ask for were all given many months ago. For the Dutch meat pudding, take two pounds of veal, a quarter of a pound of suet, chop both fine as if for sausage meat, add three eggs beaten well, half a nutmeg grated, pepper and salt to taste. Soak a slice of bread in boiling milk, break up and mix the whole well together with a little flour. Put into a dish and bake two hours and a half in a moderate oven. 2. For the spring fruit sherbert for the children, boil six or eight small sticks of clean rhubarb for ten minutes in a quart of water, strain the liquor into a jug on to the peel of lemon cut thin, and sugar in sufficient quantity; let it stand till cold, and it will then be fit to drink.

MAR (Windsor).—Your bookseller has misinformed you; the numbers are in print and can be had of our publisher.

The following communications have been found unsuitable and are declined with thanks: "What May Come of a Train Storm," (author's address not given); "True to the End," (MS. has been returned); also from E. Tucker, J. Tibbitt, and "Try."

Our Exchange Column.

[For regulations, see our number for March 2.]

I AM in want of a medium-sized white bone chain and cross, for the neck, and will give unbound music in exchange.—CHARLIE.

WANTED a loose ermine jacket in good condition. Please state wants.—LITTLE NELL.
SEVERAL pieces of music in good condition to exchange, a list will be sent. Wanted other pretty pieces, an ostrich feather, or open to offers.—SUSIE.

For exchange a gold necklace (not dead gold) to wear with a locket or cross, and a zouave jacket, perfectly new, composed of Cluny lace insertion and mauve ribbon. I want in exchange a pair of short turquoise and gold earrings, but they must be dead gold.—MITY.

I SHOULD like to exchange music, either bound or in sheets, for a good bath for bathroom.—ADDRESS ANDREW.

I WILL give autographs or music for the following: A quarto album, an opera glass, an ivory brooch, and a pair of ivory earrings.—PENELOPE.

I HAVE a large handsome brooch, carved ivory on jet. I wish in exchange a silver bracelet in good condition.—MRS. W. F.

We have forwarded letters to "Musical," "Brake Fern," and "Gardener."

DEATH.

On April 3, 1869, at his residence, 16, Theberton-street, Islington, London, JAMES JOHN DARRIN, in his 63rd year.

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

SOME months ago we advised our readers of an endeavour being made, under the rules and conditions found necessary by large experience, to establish in London a *Crèche* or Day Nursery, for the infants of working mothers, and now the scheme may be considered as in fair working. Such institutions have been for four- and twenty years among the most useful of the charities of Paris and its environs, where the administration of charity is better understood than with us, and where the need for this form of it is far less urgent. There have been attempts, we believe, from time to time to introduce the principle of the *Crèche* into sundry London and rural parishes; attempts that have mostly either failed or languished, and that in some cases have owed their failure to a neglect of the essential principle that the mother should pay a proper sum for the benefit she receives. At the Exposition Universelle of 1867 the model *Crèche* attracted a large share of attention; and led to many inquiries as to the way in which so admirable an institution could be naturalised in other countries. The subject commended itself to Lady Petre; who, at present with little pecuniary aid from others, has established the *Crèche* at Beaumont-street, Marylebone, and has placed it under the charge of Sisters of Mercy of the order of St. Vincent of Paul. The *Crèche* has now, it seems, been rather more than two months in operation, and about twenty infants are received and cared for. The rules of the institution are few and simple. Any mother who works for her livelihood during the day may leave her young child or children from six o'clock in the morning until half-past eight at night. Children over three years of age are eligible for an infant school, and are not received at the *Crèche*. On arrival in the morning the children are bathed by the sisters, clothed for the day, and tended carefully until their mothers fetch them away in the evening. Nursing mothers are allowed access to their infants once or twice a-day, but the nurslings, as well as other children, are fed plentifully on plain and wholesome food as their needs require. For all this the charge made to the mother is 3d. a-day for one child, or 4d. for two children if they are taken away by six in the evening. Another 1d. is charged if they remain after six. To meet the case of very poor women obtaining work, credit is given them until they receive wages, but daily payment is the rule. No child is allowed to be left during the night, and any child left for three nights would be considered deserted and would be sent to the workhouse. This small beginning, the *Times* thinks, may be the germ of an institution that may supply one of the greatest wants of the labouring poor of London, and a want, moreover, they can in no way supply for themselves. The going out to work of the mothers is, in many cases, a matter of necessity; but it is none the less a frightful source of infantile mortality. Children who do not die from neglect often grow up sickly and stunted, to be themselves the parents of still more degenerate offspring. Women who are too lazy to work make a trade of receiving the children of others at a charge of 3s. a week, besides food, and drug or starve them as the case may be. Elder children are kept away from school, and committed to all the perils and all the companionships of the street, in order that they may "mind the baby." For these evils the *Crèche* affords a remedy. The poor mother who uses it may leave her child in perfect confidence of his security and his well-doing, and at a charge fairly within the compass of her humble means. She sees, day by day, the effect of care, of cleanliness, and of proper feeding in promoting his health and comfort, and she cannot fail in time to be herself drawn towards the practice of those domestic virtues of which the good effects are so apparent.

Apologies for this endeavour to care for helpless little infants in one direction, are the extraordinary reports

that have appeared in the dailies respecting baby-farming in the East of London. The facts were elicited at a coroner's inquest, held on Thursday night last week at the Lord Campbell Tavern, Campbell-road, Bow, respecting the death of Frederick Wood, aged two years and three months. The proceedings excited considerable attention in the neighbourhood, as it was known that out of eleven children that had been taken at the "baby-farm," five had died. It appeared from the evidence that the child was the son of Miss Annie Ward, the daughter of a shopkeeper in Hoxton, who gave a Mrs. Savill, of Swayton-road, Bow, 4s. 6d. a week to take care of it. The mother, it seems, had not seen the child for five weeks. Mrs. Savill said she was the wife of an "agricultural manufacturer's porter" in the city. She had had eleven babies to take care of, and five of them had died; no inquests were held on the bodies. On being asked whether her house was a baby farm, she said, "I must leave that to the generosity of the jury." She stated that last October she slipped on the stairs with the deceased child in her arms, and fell on it, and its thigh was broken; but she did not find that out till the next morning. The child cried, and she put it to bed, and next day sent for a doctor. The child's bed was an egg-box with a little straw in it. Dr. Atkins said that the deceased child had a malformed chest, that its lungs were much congested, and that it died from effusion of serum on the brain, produced by natural causes, and not by neglect. The jury, after a long consultation, returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes." They wished to append a censure, but the coroner thought it unnecessary.

The telegraph has announced the arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Constantinople, and letters inform us of the magnificent preparations made by the Sultan for their reception. Two palaces are placed at the disposal of the royal travellers, gifts have been prepared, and there are to be *fêtes* and banquets. It is not surprising to find the heir to the throne of Great Britain sumptuously welcomed at the capital of an empire which one might almost say owes its existence to England. A great many innovations have taken place in the etiquette of the Sultan's Court, and no doubt the Prince and Princess will find less of Oriental manners and customs than existed even during the reign of the last Sultan. As the Sultan will no doubt present his family to the royal guests, the reader may be interested in learning the register of the reigning family. Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, was born on Feb. 9, 1830, and is the second son of Sultan Mahmoud II.; he succeeded to the throne at the death of his elder brother, Sultan Abdul Medjid, June 25, 1861. The following are the children of the Sultan: 1. Yussuf Izzeddin Effendi, born Oct. 9, 1857; 2. Salihé Sultana, born Aug. 10, 1862; 3. Mahmoud Djemil Eddin Effendi, born Nov. 20, 1862; 4. Meclmed Selim Effendi, born Oct. 8, 1866.

A Paris correspondent tells a story which should certainly find place in a ladies' paper, exhibiting as it does the deceptions to which the "unprotected female" is liable in that city, and, taken in connexion with a report which we print in another column of the marriage of an English lady with a foreigner being declared void, shows the care which it is necessary for one to exercise when abroad. Using assumed names, our informant writes: Mrs. Cavendish Baker came over to Paris some few years ago, and put up at a sort of superior boarding-house kept by an Italian countess, who was descended from the Medici, and related in some way to the famous family of Napoleon III. The countess was nothing more nor less than a clever woman of romantic habits, who was no longer young and beautiful, and was therefore a widow of necessity. She did a little in matrimonial and other alliances. Now, when Mrs. Cavendish Baker arrived at the elegant house of the Countess Spoleto with her two boys, she told all her affairs to her titled landlady. It so happened that the countess thought of old Major Mersy, who had not paid his bill for want of funds, and was not likely to pay, and who once said to her: "Cher dame, why not get me one of your rich English ladies, and our accounts shall be settled on any terms you like?" He was surprised one day to get a letter from his old Italian landlady, asking him to come and dine at the family table, well dressed, and wearing his Legion of Honour star. The countess had prepared all. She told Mrs. Cavendish Baker the major was a poor member of one of the most aristocratic families of France. The major was a constant guest at the Tuileries, and the welcomed in all the fashionable *salons* of Paris. Poor old man! he really passed his evenings at a miserable *café*, with a glass of sugar and water, and playing dominoes, or with dirty, greasy cards. If one were writing a romance many pages would be occupied with the major's bold love-making, the scheming of the countess, and the folly of Mrs. Cavendish Baker. How the major told his campaign in Algeria; his adventures with Louis Napoleon; all about the family estates he had been cheated out of; his disgust of the world, and desire to pass his last few days in tranquil and domestic circles, enlivened

only by a few evenings at Court and such fashionable salons as he was obliged to attend from association and position. . . . What a letter that was Mrs. C. B., ere long, wrote to her trustees and guardians? . . . She was about to find a protector for her children and herself; a gentleman, a real gentleman, a personal friend of Napoleon III. The dear girls would be introduced into the highest Parisian society. The major, thank heaven, was not young, but he was a man of heart. He would hear nothing about money matters, asked nothing, and said nothing about his own fortune, which was a proof of a sensitive delicacy peculiar to a real gentleman. She was making an alliance more for the children than herself, &c. The trustees of Mrs. B. were furious; of course they were. But they did not prevent the marriage of Mrs. Cavendish Baker with Major Mersy. What did the Mayor do? 1. The Italian countess had a great difficulty in getting her share of the plunder. 2. The Major took his English wife to a small town in the environs of Paris, away from all friends and amusement; shut her up, in fact. 3. He came to Paris daily, and amused himself in his own way. 4. He took the quarterly payments of his wife's fortune and doled her out a few francs as a favour. 5. He invited only his French friends to his house, and kept hers away. Broken-hearted and miserable, the unhappy Englishwoman pensioned him off eventually to escape from her prison. This is a true story of one of the many senseless marriages of Englishwomen with foreigners.

The "City" was startled towards the end of last week by the announcement that a gentleman employed in a situation of trust had absconded, after embezzling some 50,000*l*. Soon all kinds of rumours were abroad, but in a local paper, the *Twickenham Observer*, the details are given with something like exactitude, and the story, especially in its domestic aspects, is so remarkable that we are tempted to quote it at length:—

The defaulter was Benjamin Higgs, late of Tide End House, Teddington, who absconded on the 5th of March, from the employment of the Great Central Gas Company, in whose service he had been for several years. His salary at the time of his disappearance was under 400*l*. per annum. His establishment at Teddington, however, was of almost princely character. Mr. Higgs' habits were luxurious and extravagant in the extreme. The house, which contained about thirty rooms, was fitted and furnished in the most sumptuous style. A large pleasure-ground ran down to the river Thames, where he had built a massive river wall. He had also a large kitchen garden, and a model farm. He was building extensive stabling, fitted with all modern appliances, kept two pairs of carriages, nine horses, and several ponies, and his family carriage and brougham were the most substantial and elegant in the neighbourhood. The domestic arrangements were in keeping with the general character of the establishment; there were eight female servants, five gardeners, one groom, a coachman and under-coachman, the household expenses requiring not less than two thousand a year. The furniture, the sale of which took place on Monday and Tuesday week, was of remarkable style and quality, as may be judged from the fact that a pianoforte sold for 155 guineas (which originally cost 200 guineas), but this was regarded as the greatest bargain of the sale. Mr. Higgs' personal tastes and habits were not less extravagant, his gold watch and diamond ring were the envy of the connoisseurs. He was musical too, and his weekly musical parties were graced by the presence of our most celebrated artists, who were sumptuously entertained and sent to London by special train. Mr. Higgs' benevolent instincts were as large as his expenditure was liberal, not to say extravagant. On three occasions he gave concerts at the Clarence Hotel, Teddington, the most celebrated professional singers were engaged, the programmes were marvels of artistic beauty, the expenses were paid by Mr. Higgs, and the entire proceeds were devoted to the building of new schools. On one occasion an insolvent received a cheque for 180*l*., with which he effected a compromise with his creditors. On another occasion an unfortunate man who was seriously injured by an explosion of the kitchen boiler while at his house was established in business with 300*l*. The Free Church of Teddington, which, however, Mr. Higgs never attended, received a new organ at a cost of 200*l*., and the same congregation now meeting in an old church recently rejoiced in the promise of 2,000*l*. towards a new and more substantial structure, which promise, however, "like the baseless fabric of a vision" has vanished with Mr. Higgs. On the morning of his "departure" there were eighty men employed upon a new mansion which was in the course of erection upon land he was to have purchased at a bid of 600*l*. per acre, the purchase, however, was never completed, although the buildings were in progress. The mansion was estimated to cost 50,000*l*. It should be observed that he accounted to his wife and friends for this extraordinary expenditure by saying that he had received a legacy of 90,000*l*. from a relative. There is one side to this extraordinary story which is inescapably painful. Mr. Higgs has left behind him a wife and eight children (probably by this time nine), who until now were ignorant of the source whence all the comforts and luxuries of their home were derived, and therefore innocent of all participation in the fraud; and, we are sorry to add, are rendered absolutely destitute and dependent upon others.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Breaking a Butterfly, by Author of "Gay Livingstone," 3 Vols., 31s. 6d.
Burnley's Idioms, and other Poems, fcap., 3s. 6d., cloth.
Devotional Aids for the Sick, 12mo., 2s., limp.
Kable's Miscellaneous Poems, 12mo., 6s., cloth.
Lytton's Ernest Maltravers, 12mo., 2s. 6d., boards.
Scott's Life, by Lockhart, Vol. IV., 12mo., 1s. 6d., half-bound.
Smith's (J. Denham) Life in Christ, 16mo., 1s. 6d., cloth.

A chemist of Cologne, M. Vohl, a short time ago found nearly all the bread of the town poisoned with the oxides of lead and zinc. After minute inquiry it turned out that all the ovens had, for some time, been heated with painted wood, window frames, and wainscoting. The ashes from several of the ovens, on being analysed, were found to contain the oxides, not only of lead and zinc, but also of copper, besides sulphate of barytes.

New Books.

Jerome Lock. London: William Freeman, 102, Fleet-street.

THIS is in many respects a cleverly-written book; and if we have been somewhat disappointed in it, it is not that its merits are insignificant, but that being so good it is not just a trifle better. Possessing little or no plot, in the usual acceptance of that word as applied to novels, it is a story that provokes thought and sustains attention from the genuine interest the reader is made to take in the various characters introduced—characters that stand out in sharp, well-defined form, and for the most part play their several rôles in a natural but by no means commonplace manner.

The interest of the story hinges on the artist-life of Jerome Lock, who, possessed of gifts of no ordinary character—recognising the exalted mission of the art he espouses, and ambitious in the highest degree—finds, just as he is struggling to reach the goal for which he so ardently pants, his hopes dashed to the ground by an event that deprives him of the use of his right hand. The blow is a terrible one, and his better nature seems paralysed by the unforeseen stroke. Just one gleam of sunshine, however, breaks in upon his purposeless life when he meets with Marie, whom he marries, and for a time he appears to see a road to contentment and happiness. Unfortunately, however, he cannot forget the past, or look at it with other than jaundiced eyes; his disappointed hopes haunt him day and night; he becomes moody, suspicious, jealous, and at length his overstrung mind gives way—he flees from home and friends, a madman.

Up to this point the narrative has been ably managed, but now the author makes, as it seems to us, a fatal mistake. Marie, hitherto a paragon of all the virtues—prudence being not the least marked of them—acts in a manner that precludes the reader following her with any very great sympathy; and when the story closes we cannot but feel that Jerome's life, so far as we are permitted to follow it, is a failure—a failure that surprises us the more from the sanguine expectations we have been led to form of all coming right at last, and his nature rising purified and refined from the furnace through which he had had to pass. The last two chapters re-written, or another chapter added, might cause the reader to lay down the book with much more pleasant thoughts and memories.

Here, however, complaints may cease; the merits of the book far outweigh any defects it may show, and even of a far higher class than those discernible in three-fourths of the novels that yearly come from the press. The writer is evidently a lady, and her touches of child-life are some of the best parts of her book. Here is a passage from the autobiography of Jerome Lock himself:—

One of my earliest recollections is of contemplating in a scrap-book of my aunt's, a picture of the Duke of Wellington riding on a mite magnified. I had a sufficient acquaintance with natural history, or rather with cheeses, to know that a mite was a minute insect; but what the word magnified meant was not so clear to my infant mind. I have an impression that I dimly imagined it to be a kind of miraculous process by which the insect was fattened and enlarged until it arrived at a fit size for the living duke to mount. Also, that the Mayor (whom I had once beheld in his gold chain) and the town council (which I believed to consist of the Mayor's wife and family and other relations) had a great deal to do with the rearing of it. I had a sensation of creeping terror whenever I looked at the picture, and, with a child's morbid attraction to the horrible, I looked at it all the oftener for that very reason. I think I sometimes wondered why the Duke chose such an ugly charger; but I had heard tales of his exploits which had struck my childish imagination, and with inherent hero-worship felt that it was fit that a gentleman who had killed so many thousand Frenchmen, and who, besides, had such a large nose, and wore such handsome boots and such a fine coat and sword, and wore cocked hat, should be mounted in a way that was out of the common.

The following brace of short, telling sentences, picked out almost at random from the narrative, evidence, with many others, no mean acquaintance with child-nature:—

"Human nature is apt to worship prosperity. Children have a great deal of human nature in them."

"Two large brass candlesticks, two, there were" (on the altar at a Roman Catholic church) "which I used to fancy belonged to some devout giant who had lent them, and might come and claim them some day."

Here is a sketch of Jerome's wife, Marie:—

One meeting her casually might have called her a proud woman; but, seeing her constantly, knowing her intimately, had said there was nowhere to be found such a sweet humility, such a strange unconsciousness of any good in herself.

She so loved art-work, that for that very reason she had hesitated long in giving herself to it solely, no matter for what good end. For, when to a noble and earnest spirit two paths are open, and the one is begirt with green pastures, and fruitful in all delight, that is the one it naturally turns from, seeming to see in it the broad road of self-seekers. And if reason overcome the idea, and the pleasant path be chosen, still the mind is constantly believing it to be the better way, because, most true and good men have had to walk therein.

So it was with Marie. And now, if her mind had been morbid, or her religion crabbed and harsh, she had been suffering from the racking doubts of those who demand to see all things clearly; and failing so to see them, and beholding conflicting duties before them, of which they dare not choose the best, because it is also the pleasantest, sink into morbid self-questioning, self-torturing, and sometimes despair. But these are they who ignorantly worship.

The other principal characters whose acquaintance the reader makes are Robert (a rough diamond, but a thoroughly genuine fellow, indeed the most successful in the book), Charles Mayne, and Monsieur Vanderbrant. The first and last of these we will allow the writer herself to introduce:—

Robert was nature's child. He painted as the birds sing, because it was a sort of instinct and necessity with him. He could no more regulate his work than they their song. The

world's march was nothing to him. He cared for no schools of philosophy or art; he said he could not understand them; perhaps he could not. To paint every day, and in the summer to lie out on the grass under the trees for hours, with no articulate thoughts, but seeming only to himself to be a part of nature and the summer-time, as they seemed a part of him—these were the things he asked for.

And now for a contrast: a glimpse at Monsieur Vanderbrant:—

He was not offensively conceited except in one way, but had rather about him something of the pride that speaks humility. He had been at college long enough to get crammed with facts and philosophies; but had not learnt to what use to put them; they had not helped to educate him, or done anything but overcharge his mental stomach, and cause him to vomit them up in an undigested condition on the slightest provocation; he had not even made the first step towards knowledge—the discovery of his own ignorance.

We had marked several other passages for quotation, but our space being limited, we must content ourselves with but one of them, and it shall be a humorous sketch. Jerome, who is on a country visit, writes to his friend Robert, and here is a characteristic passage from the rather lengthy epistle:—

My meditations were interrupted by a wiry little parson, who took the vacant seat by my side, and whose earnest stare I met as I looked round.

"Ah," he said, addressing me, "you are Mr. Lock, I believe, Mr. Dostall's cousin."

I acquiesced.

"And I," continued my neighbour, who was so fidgety, he seemed hung upon wires, and whose face unaccountably reminded me of an inverted fiddle, "I am the Rev. Sam Bark."

"Indeed."

"Yes. The cousin of Mr. Denbigh Bark. You will excuse me introducing myself, I am sure; and how do you like our part of the country, Mr. Lock?"

I replied that I liked it much, and that, moreover, it was my native country.

"Oh, indeed! Are not the lanes about here delightful? Which way did you come this evening, may I ask?"

"We came by Hermit's-lane. It's a longer way, but a much prettier drive than the other road, I understand."

"Ah," said the reverend gentleman with a profound wriggle, "that's my lane."

"Oh! I understood that it, as well as the land on either side, was Mr. Dostall's property."

"So it is, so it is, my dear sir; but I call it my lane" (with a face most confidential, and laying his hand on my arm), "because it was in that lane that I proposed to my Mary."

I thought at first that the little gentleman was mad, but he was not, it seems, only uxorious.

"Ah," he went on, "you don't know her, of course; I must introduce you. There she stands by the piano. Allow me," and he rose. I could not decline going with him. We passed a quartet of curates (one cannot mistake curates, their cut is unmistakable), and as the Rev. Sam approached, I saw them draw nearer together, and they seemed to *frissonner*. (I can find no adequate English substitute for the word.)

"Look how they've formed a square, and bristle with orthodoxy," said a voice in my ear, "your friend's a Ritualist, and how sincerely do he and they hate each other for the love of God!"

It was Charles Mayne who spoke. Mr. Samuel Bark gave the four a stiff good evening, to which they responded with equal stiffness.

"Were you at the meeting of the trustees this evening, Mr. Bark?" asked curate No. 1, a dandy, evidently, with a mistaken vocation.

"I was," said the gentleman addressed.

"May I ask what the result of the meeting was?" asked curate No. 2, who, as I was afterwards told, was the owner of a wife, three children, and a salary of 90*l*. a year, and who looked careworn proportionately.

"Indeed," said No. 3, who, except being small and insignificant, and having the usual levitical whiskers and coat, had nothing to distinguish him.

"I suppose, Mr. Wilson objected to the site you chose," said No. 4, a mild young man with spectacles and a projecting under-lip.

I had to undergo at the hands of Mayne an introduction to each of the four, and after we had exchanged a few remarks on subjects of mutual indifference, and Mr. Sam Bark had fidgeted as though he were galvanised, I was conducted to Mrs. Sam. She was a fat, pretty, uninteresting woman, and had that oleaginous appearance that stout women occasionally present after the exercise of dancing. Mr. Denbigh, now appearing again, and requesting his brother to sing, the little gentleman regaled the company with Cowper's "My Mary," set to execrable music. After that, he and his wife sang a duet. Imagine, my dear boy, two middle-aged people with thin and unmusical voices singing, not a concerted duet, but the same song on the same note, with the difference between them of the gentleman's note being an octave lower than the lady's. Well, the whole evening was not devoted to such caterwauling, or I should never have survived to tell the tale. We had some good music from a little sprightly grey-haired gentleman in spectacles, who was an excellent pianist, and Charles Mayne sang once or twice. It is a treat to hear him. Just before we left he sang that rare little gem by Burns. Do you remember it, Rob?

"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
Fidgeted as I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tye."

The music was as sweet as the words. It was an old air of Mozart's to which, I fancy, Mayne set the song himself. I think I forgot everything else in the world whilst he was singing, except to watch Marie, who is as beautiful as any song, and who seemed as much entranced with the music as I was myself. I could not help wishing that I possessed the power of calling that look of delighted attention into her face. I have seen such a look once or twice before, when I first knew her, for instance, and when she was in my studio one afternoon. I wish I could sing such songs as Mayne sings. I cannot; for, although I have a good voice, I am no musician, as you know. As for painting!—

I cannot get that wretched little parson out of my head. He keeps dancing about in my memory like a phantom marionette. He seems a painful burlesque on my own thoughts and feelings.

Here we must stop; but we have said enough, we doubt not, to induce many of our readers to spend a pleasant and profitable hour over the unassuming volume.

New Music.

SONGS, ETC.

"When the Roses Blow." Words by R. Reece. Music by G. B. Allen. (Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street.)

"The Days were Sweet in Summer Time." Words by R. Reece. Music by G. B. Allen. (Cocks and Co.)

"The Snow lies White." Poetry by Jean Ingrow. Music by Miss M. Lindsay. (Cocks and Co.)

"Sleeping on Guard." Words by Mrs. Aymer. Music by W. T. Wrighton. Illustrated. (Cocks and Co.)

"Adieu." Words by William Hills. Music by Franz Abt. (Cocks and Co.)

"Put it down to me." Comic Song, written and composed by Alfred Scott Gatty. (Cocks and Co.)

"Medicine Jack." Serio-comic Song. Illustrated. Written and composed by Alfred Scott Gatty. (Cocks and Co.)

"Brag." Serio-comic Song. Written and composed by Alfred Scott Gatty. (Cocks and Co.)

WHEN THE ROSES BLOW.—Though with little to recommend it either in words or air to grave sticklers for classical music, this is a very fair specimen of the popular drawing-room songs of the time. If the words are not marked by any particular originality, they are at least grammatical and to the point, more than can be said of many that come before the reviewer, while the melody, in E flat, with a range from E to E, is pleasing throughout, catching the ear at once, and in parts, as when it changes in the refrain from two-four to six-eight time, is very prettily varied. This song should become a favourite with young ladies and their musical cousins who drop in to see them.

THE DAYS WERE SWEET IN SUMMER TIME.—This has been sung, as we learn from the title-page, by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and with his rendering we have no doubt proved fairly effective, though it is scarcely so attractive a piece as that just noticed, and the words are decidedly the weakest part of it. It is in the key of C, compass E to E.

THE SNOW LIES WHITE.—Of the merits of this composition we spoke last week, when noticing a setting of the same words by G. A. Macfarren.

SLEEPING ON GUARD.—Mr. Wrighton has the happy gift of being able to dash off light, sparkling air, which, while they are comprehensible to the veriest dullest over sent home from boarding-school as "finished," yet seldom offend the taste of the most fastidious; and if the critic might sometimes reasonably complain that there is little of permanent value in such compositions, we suppose the composer might retort with equal justice that it is such music, appealing more to the ear than the understanding, the public like and will have; and surely it is better that artists of culture should endeavour to supply the want than that it should be satisfied from less satisfactory sources. "Sleeping on Guard" is short, graceful, and telling, within the compass of almost any voice; presenting, indeed, no difficulties, either vocal or instrumental, that a child might not defy.

ADIEU.—This song, sung with great success by Mdlle. Lieblart, well deserves its popularity. The words, though what would be called "sentimental," are tender and hopeful, altogether different from the lachrymose gushings that some verse-makers fondly imagine poetry, while the air in C, with a range from B to F, well expresses the manly sentiments of a lover who departs to a foreign land to win the right to call his true love his own. The accompaniment is sustaining, and has more of music in it than song accompaniments often have, though it is by no means difficult.

PUT IT DOWN TO ME.—This is a comic song, and is being sung nightly with immense success, we believe, by the "Royal" Christy's, at present located at St. George's-hall, though whether it be the music or words that so specially attract it would be hard to say. We have read the latter over more than once with the best possible determination to laugh at the first semblance of humour, but hitherto our endeavours have failed. The music is not bad as comic songs go, but Mr. Gatty would do well, we think, to leave the verse-making to others; that is, of course, if he desires for his compositions more than the most transient gleam of popularity.

MEDICINE JACK.—As far as the music is concerned these songs are neither better nor worse than the general run of the better class comic songs of the day, but the words of the former, we are bound to say, are slightly vulgar; and though with those of the latter the "moral" is good, the words themselves are decidedly weak. It is not given to many to shine alike as poets and musicians. By the way, there is a misprint on the third page: "The whom I written this song on," has evidently suffered from the engravers.

"Wherefore Leave the Land." Words by E. H. Patterson. Music by G. E. Templemore. (William Czerny, 81, Regent-street.)

"Leave me Love's Sky." Words by E. H. Patterson. Music by G. E. Templemore. (William Czerny.)

"The Drummer." Martial Song. By D. Brocca. (William Czerny.)

"The Journeyman's Song." Words by F. Reuter. Music by Jas. Schulz-Weida. (William Czerny.)

WHEREFORE LEAVE THE LAND is a ballad with some tender notes, and rendered with due expression, would doubtless prove a favourite in the home circle. Key F; compass, C to D.

LEAVE ME LOVE'S SKY.—Mr. Templemore is certainly not happy in this case in his choice of words, and though he has done his best to render them intelligible, the result is scarcely edifying. The sentiment which the composition breathes, however, is good, and the melody is not without attractions. Key D; compass, D to F.

THE DRUMMER.—The music of this song has decided merits, a good martial dash and vigour, but wedded to such words we fear it will not be greatly successful in this country, however it may have fared on the continent. It is certainly not every English vocal organ, not even of

our sprightly Volunteers, that could give the "Tr-r-r-rum rum rum rum rum rum," with anything like acceptance to ears polite.

THE JOURNEYMAN'S SONG would, we doubt not, prove thoroughly effective if delivered by a band of hardy journeymen, but it is not likely to fascinate ladies. The accompaniment is well written and is of more than ordinary merit.

DANCE AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"We Won't go Home till Morning Quadrille." Arranged by Bernardo Seales. Illustrated. (Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheap-side.)

"La Madrilène." Caprice Espagnol. Par Clara Gottschalk. (William Czerny, 81, Regent-street.)

The first of these is embellished by a whimsical illustrated frontispiece that defies all attempt at description, and though we suspect it would scarcely be considered *de rigueur* in many circles, it is none the less funny on that account. A champagne bottle and glass dance *à la vie*, some extremely jolly-looking, bottle-nosed "stars" are employed in very un-star-like diversions, but evidently determined not to go home till morning, and the sun, rubicund to a degree, rises to wonder whether he shall smile or frown upon the strange scene. As to the music, though scarcely so spirited as the illustration, it is vigorous, dashing, and easy, the set embracing many popular tunes strung together in a fairly creditable manner.

LA MADRIÈNE.—We have met with many a caprice of far higher pretensions without one half of the merits of this unassuming composition. It is short, telling, and to the point; is well-sustained throughout; in parts, as in the tranquil harmonious passages, particularly attractive; and is so simple that any pupil of ordinary proficiency should be able to run it off at sight.

Musical, Literary, and Art Jottings.

DURING the year 1868 twenty-two original operas were produced in Italy.

The death is announced of Lieut.-Colonel Bernard W. A. Sleight, who was the founder and first proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was formerly connected with Her Majesty's 77th and 2nd West Indian Regiments. He was a brother of Mr. Serjeant Sleight.

There is no doubt now, we are informed, that Mdlle. Nilsson will appear at Covent Garden, matters having been satisfactorily arranged; but we are not to have *Hamel* this season. Her Majesty's will be opened in the autumn for Italian opera, under the combined management.

At Vienna a few days since a young man penetrated into the dressing-room of the Opera-house. Arriving at the cabinet of the director, he compelled that functionary to listen while he sang two *monologues*, and then expressed his astonishment that he was not immediately engaged with enthusiasm. He then followed two actresses on to the stage, all the while singing and demanding why he was not engaged. The next person he met was seized by the collar and wrist whilst he sang two *monologues* from *La Juive* for his special edification. Having sung himself completely out of breath, he was seized and carried outside the theatre. The next day he precipitated himself from the sixth story of a house and was killed.

Some curious details are related about the Déclassement sale, showing the increased value of pictures. The "Rough Sea," by Backhuysen, which at the Talazan auction, in 1801, was knocked down at 500*l.*, sold for 18,200*l.*; a "View in Holland," by Van der Heyden, formerly in the Choiseul collection, advanced from 1,950*l.* to 16,500*l.*; "Tasting," by Terburg, from 8,000*l.* to 45,000*l.*; a "Sea Piece," by Van de Velde, from 800*l.* in 1801, to 14,500*l.*; a "Landscape," by Wynants, from 2,455*l.* to 32,500*l.*; and the "Virgin and Infant Jesus," which at the Aguado sale, in 1843, fetched 27,250*l.*, now brought 150,000*l.*

The Abbé Liszt has just finished the orchestration of *Le Dernier des Sorciers*, an opéra of Madame Pauline Viardot, which will be shortly represented at Weimar for the fête of the Grand Duke.

There are rumours of more new theatres. The Polygraphic-hall is to be turned into a regular playhouse, for the performance of drama and burlesque, next May. The theatre will be considerably enlarged and very much improved. It opens under the management of Messrs. Bradwell and Field. The St. James's, as we have already hinted, is to be pulled down and rebuilt, as far as its internal arrangements are concerned, and will open in September, under Mrs. John Wood's management, for legitimate comedy and burlesque. Mr. Brough has already been engaged. Mr. Toole will probably join the company. The Oxford Music-hall is also, it is said, to be a theatre. It is still stated that Mr. Reade is building a large and handsome theatre in Brompton-row; and many assert their belief that Mr. S. Parry contemplates again building an establishment of this kind.

Mr. T. G. Appleton, of Boston, who is now in Rome, has purchased the splendid collection of engravings of the late Cardinal Tosti, 10,000 in number, and has presented it to the Boston Public Library. Six hundred are understood to be handsomely framed, and the rest bound in folios. They are accompanied by an antique bust, presented at the same time to the library by the cardinal's representative.

Madame Patti made her reappearance at the Italians, Paris, on Tuesday night last week, in the *Traviata*, and was most enthusiastically received. The Emperor of Russia sent several specimens of jewellery for her selection on the last day of her stay in St. Petersburg, from which she chose a large table diamond, formerly the property of the Empress Catherine, and given by her to one of her twelve favourites, Count Zatoiff, worn, it is said, by him over the miniature of his wife.

Dr. Newcomb [has arrived at Cornell University, America, with his collection of shells, which number nearly 5,000,000 specimens of 12,000 species. He has been thirty-five years in collecting them.

A wonderful violinist is creating a sensation in Paris. His name is Bartoloni, a Roman by birth. He recalls by the *furia* of his execution that of Paganini.

It is announced in Dublin that the Queen, at the instance of the Premier, has bestowed a pension of 100*l.* a year on the widow of William Carleton, the Irish novelist.

A second edition of Mr. C. L. Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste in Furniture, Decorations, &c.," will shortly be published, with additions.

The *Melbourne Argus*, Feb. 1, says: Mr. Harwood, of the Theatre Royal, leaves for England by the mail steamer of this month, for the purpose of procuring novelties for the theatre

with which he is connected. It is understood that a leading tragedian and good burlesque actresses represent the talent which will be chiefly inquired for. Mr. Harwood is an Australian actor, who has been performing in these colonies for the last thirteen years. His greatest successes have been in burlesque, a class of business in which he is pre-eminently good, but he is remarkably versatile, and plays excellently a greater number of wholly dissimilar characters than, probably, any other living actor. His absence from the colony is not expected to extend over more than five months.

Messrs. Churchill have announced the speedy publication of a series of photographs illustrating the various diseases of the human hair. The work will be edited by Mr. Balmain Squire, one of the surgeons to the Hospital for Skin Diseases in Great Marlborough-street. Each of the photographs will be coloured from life.

Mr. Buckstone has engaged Miss Bateman at the Haymarket Theatre for fourteen farewell performances, previous to her departure for America, to commence on Monday, June 21. The season terminates on Wednesday, July 7.

The famous lecture delivered by the late Artemus Ward at the Egyptian-hall has been got ready for simultaneous publication in London and New York. Mr. T. W. Robertson has written an introduction to his friend's book, and the panorama, which the humourist used to criticise in his own strangely merry way, will supply thirty-six full-page illustrations to the work. A curious attempt has been made in printing to represent, by spacings and types of different sizes, the peculiarities of the lecturer's voice. The book will be uniform in appearance with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads."

Mdlle. Artôt is engaged to be married to a Spanish gentleman of good family, who has been singing with his *fiancée* at Moscow during the past season of Italian Opera.

Mr. Woolmer will, probably, contribute to the Royal Academy his statue of "Ophelia," companion to the "Elaine" which was shown last year. Also, busts of the Right Hon. W. F. Gladstone, Sir Charles Freere, of Bombay, Mr. Joseph Pease, of Darlington, and Mr. Charles Darwin, of "The Origin of Species."

Miss M. Oliver contradicts a rumour that she was about to resign the management of the Royalty Theatre.

A dramatic company is being organised among some of the most popular performers of Spain, for a professional tour to the chief towns of France, including Paris, under the direction of Mme. Llançade Bremon. They are to commence at Bayonne this month.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has recently given sittings for a full-length portrait, which has been commissioned by certain "Laymen of the cities of London and Westminster," for presentation to the see of London (as an heirloom) in recognition of his grace's valuable services—both to the Church and the public—during the twelve years he presided over the diocese. The portrait is being painted by Mr. Sydney Hodgson.

Mdlle. Nilsson and her singing master, M. Wardel, have just received diplomas stating that they have been elected members of L'Académie de Stockholm.

Madame Albani has consented to sing in London, in Rossini's *Mass*, at the terms mentioned some weeks ago that she had accepted from M. Bagier—namely, 120*l.* a night.

A comedy by the Duke of Massa and M. Audrien Scholl is among the novelties anticipated at the Théâtre Français.

Mr. Longfellow is still in Naples. The climate agrees with him so well that he intends to stay longer than he had anticipated.

A marriage is announced to take place between M. Ulman, the artist, and Mdlle. Dreyfus, the daughter of the banker who has lately gained the sum of 100,000*l.* at the lottery of the city of Paris.

Among the novelties which Easter has brought are the revival of Mr. Watts Phillips's drama of *Volodya*, at the Surrey; the opening of Sadler's Wells Theatre under new management, with a drama entitled *Light in the Dark*, and a new extravaganza on the rather threadbare subject of *Cinderella*; the transformation to the Royal Alfred of the drama of *Flying Scud*, with which Mr. Parry's management of the Holborn prosperously commenced; the appearance of Mr. Toole at the Standard; the performance at the Grecian of Mr. Byt. E. Gillette, *The Lancashire Lass*; the revival at Astley's, under new management, of *London Assurance*; and the production at the East London Theatre of *The Yellow Passport*; Mr. Neville's version of *Les Misérables*, originally produced at the Olympic, and the performance of a new drama entitled *Foraken*; an *Every-Day Story*, at the Victoria; and that of an Irish drama, called *Biddy O'Neil*, at the Britannia.

THE CAM IMPROVEMENT FUND.—The Gillespie Band, which is the name of an amateur comic band formed in connexion with the University of Cambridge, gave a concert a few evenings since at the Hanover-square Rooms, in aid of the fund established for the improvement of the Cam. A large attendance was the result of the announcement, and a friendly audience warmly cheered the performances, which were quite worthy of the praise they received. The performers were Messrs. R. A. Gillespie, Hamilton, A. E. Clarke, T. Bainbridge, A. S. Gatty, S. H. Gatty, H. St. M. Willoughby, G. A. Critchett, Thomas Young, B. A. Green, and Harvey George, and a large number of instrumentalists.

THE NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—Rambling down Shore-ditch this Easter, we were tempted by the fact of Mr. Toole and other "stars" from the New Queen's and the St. James's being at the Standard to look in at that house, and the pleasure received was as delightful as unexpected. The house, one of the largest in London, has been thoroughly embellished, and is now unsurpassed, whether in respect of beauty of ornamentation, acoustic properties, stage effects, ventilation, elegance of general arrangements, conveniences of ingress and egress, and excellence of management, by any in the metropolis. If it could only be transferred to the Strand it would truly astonish many a West-end playgoer, and would be just the house for the season of the English opera which it is proposed to hold at the Lyceum. At present Byron's successful drama, *Dearest than Life*, is the staple piece, and the cast is a strong one, Mr. Toole personating Michael Garner, and Uncle Ben, Bob Gossett, and Mrs. Garner being assumed by M. Lionel Brough, Mr. Henry Irving, and Miss Ellen Turner respectively.

M. Jeannel has been investigating the poisonous quality of certain gummed envelopes inwardly coloured green for the purpose of rendering them opaque. He examined a number bought at different shops. After washing them in distilled water, and then treating them with ammonia, he ultimately obtained arsenite of copper in proportion of two and a half grains for each envelope. Of course, in moistening only the gummed part the portion introduced into the economy is absolutely infinitesimal; still, the action often repeated may ultimately have injurious effects.

London & Paris Fashions, Toilet, &c.



The April number of *Le Follet* adds little of importance to the facts with which we have already made our readers acquainted concerning the costumes most likely to find favour in Paris this spring. There is not at present, it states, any material difference between the make of the spring dresses and those of the season just past. The skirts are made very long at the back, and quite short in the front. The pointed body is occasionally seen, although it has by no means usurped the favour which the sash has so long enjoyed. Paniers, tunics, &c., are as much worn as ever. Paniers of a bright or pale shade of satin have a very pretty effect, worn over white tulle or turlatane.

One favourite spring costume seems to be that formed of plain cachemire, or with the under-skirt embroidered with silk. The shades most in vogue for these dresses are the "Empress" violet, mauve, blue, and pearl grey. They are rendered yet more elegant when completed by an under-skirt of taffetas, of a deeper shade than the dress, or of black; if of the latter, it is trimmed with a large bouillon or wide flounce, but if of colour, with ruches or very narrow flounces.

Charming costumes are made of shot taffetas—brown shot with black. Black petticoat, with two or three bouillons, having a heading of small ruches of taffetas or satin; all the trimmings matching the bows, the ruches, or little flounces. The buttons all black. The basquine should be made long, and looped up at the



Fig. 1.

sides. Sometimes the petticoat is striped, and the rest of the toilette of black taffetas.

The prettiest and most economical costumes may be made with a petticoat of a woollen material, with satin stripes—green and black, brown and black, &c.; the basquine or robe of black taffetas being looped at the sides in paniers, trimmed round with lace or a flounce of taffetas. Open body, with wide revers—that is to say, cut from the shoulders and rounded behind. Waistcoat of the same material as the underskirt. The cuffs and revers to match. This style is extremely pretty made entirely of taffetas—for instance, the petticoat, revers, &c., of green, violet, or blue.

The wide sash is sometimes replaced by bows of different materials. If the costume be of satin and taffetas, the bows are of the same, even if of two colours; this is only when the colours are a deep shade. The bows are placed in rows—four at the top, five or six in the next, and the last row is formed by bows of a different shape, forming a kind of fan.

Cherushes, or wide fan-shaped trimmings of gauze or lace—recalling somewhat the Elizabethan frill—are often worn to complete the low bodies. Hitherto they have been merely worn as evening dress, but it is said they will be fashionable with the spring toilette. We find the dinner and evening dresses are made, for example, opened in front, with a revers of very wide lace, the same lace forming the cherushes.

Ruches continue to be much used as trimming—heading flounces—or guipure. Usually these trimmings are put on in tablier fashion, and forming a large pouff at the back. Besides ruches, bouillons, bows of ribbon in wreaths, or pouffs and ends of ribbon forming a sash are employed to trim robes in a variety of styles.

Fringe is as much in favour as ever. The gauze ribbons, striped with satin of a variety of colours, will be much used for trimming, as they are at present for sashes, though both these and those of plaid will possibly, before long, give place to other ribbons more suitable to the

brighter coloured dresses which appear with warmer weather.

Evening toilettes for young girls are generally of white, either silk or tulle. Black tulle bouillonne is very fashionable for older ladies, and is very becoming, especially when looped up with roses of a deep colour, and just lightly covered with a plain tulle skirt. The following are the useful costumes described by our influential contemporary:—

A skirt of green taffetas, trimmed with eight narrow flounces. Upper-skirt of black poult de soie, forming a tablier in front, trimmed round with a flounce, and the back held up in a large pouff by a band and bow of green taffetas. A similar bow higher up, and a third at the waist. Plain high body and coat sleeves, with two frills round the wrist.

Costume of slate-coloured taffetas. Under-skirt trimmed with a very wide flounce, put on with a chicoree of a paler shade. A small bouillon separates this from a similar trimming placed higher up the skirt. Tunic short, opened up the front, and crossed at the waist; pouffed at the back, and edged round by five rows of galon, matching the shade of the chicoree. Square body, open, and hanging sleeves, trimmed with the galon. At the top of the sleeve a three-leaved ornament, made of the material, piped all round. High chemisette of cerise taffetas, trimmed lightly with passementerie.

Robe of blue poult de soie. Under-skirt plain and trained; upper skirt very short, trimmed with a flounce of pinked silk, headed by a wreath formed of large olive-shaped ornaments of blue satin. This small skirt, or rather long basque, is looped up on each side by a coquille of blue satin; behind it forms a pouff. Satin sash; bows without ends. Plain body; tight sleeves, with a wide plisse of satin as a jockey.

A ball dress of white poult de soie, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with a wide flounce, pinked, surmounted by five rows of ruching; the second skirt very short, and much trimmed with flounces and ruches, and drawn up at each side under a large rosette of emerald green velvet. Sash of green velvet, fastened at the back, the ends reaching half way down the skirt. Body à la Grecque, each plait edged with green velvet.

A dinner dress of rich mauve silk. Plain skirt, with very long train, and trimmed at the back with a large pouff of the silk, edged with a flounce of rich white lace. Body high at the back, and open to the waist, trimmed all round with white lace. Sleeves tight to the elbow, and trimmed with a double frill of lace. Band of mauve satin, fastened at the back under a large rosette of ribbon and lace.

A dress of straw-coloured terry velvet, with a tunic of the same coloured tulle, raised at equal distances by long wreaths of coloured tulips. Low body of terry, trimmed with a bouillonne of tulle, and bouquet of tulips on each shoulder. Sash of straw-coloured satin.

Dress of pink faille, covered by a long tunic of black lace, raised on one side under a bouquet of different coloured roses. Body half high at the back, and open to the waist in front, trimmed with a frill of lace; long sleeves, trimmed with lace round the cuff and up the back of the arm as far as the elbow. Chemisette of muslin bouillonne, and insertions of lace.

A dress of bouton d'or satin; over this a skirt of white tulle, trimmed with twelve very narrow flounces of the same, plaited, and separated from each other by a satin ribbon to match the under skirt, quilled up to form small shells with small bows of black satin ribbon placed at short distances from each other. The body and paniers of black satin broche, with bouton d'or. These paniers are raised very much at the sides, with revers lined with bouton d'or satin; the body, which is quite high at the back, and open en cœur in front, is trimmed with black lace and ruche of satin to match that on the skirt. Sleeves tight to elbow, trimmed with lace frill and ruche. Sash with very wide ends, lined with the coloured satin.

A dress of black tulle, the bottom skirt trimmed with a number of small flounces of pinked tulle; the second skirt raised at each side under large bows of black satin and yellow panies. Low body, trimmed round the top with a frill of tulle, and wreath of small pansies. Sash of black satin, with a bouquet of pansies above the bows.

An under skirt of pink silk, over which is one of pink turlatane, trimmed with a number of narrow tulle flounces alternately pink and white. The paniers of white tulle, covered with pink tulle, are very full and bouffants. Low body, trimmed en bretelles with narrow frills of pink and white tulle. Band of pink satin, with rosette of pink and white tulle at the back.

A robe of turquoise blue poult de soie. The skirt, gathered in large plaits at the waist, is drawn up in the front over a skirt of white poult de soie, forming a long train at the back, which falls in rich plaits. Over this a skirt of turlatane bouillonne, and raised at the sides and back by three stars made of blue silk, and edged with wide Valenciennes, with smaller stars of white satin in the centre. Low body of blue silk, opened en cœur, and trimmed with bretelles of blue satin ribbon. The band of blue satin is fastened at the back under a star, to match those on the skirt.

A dress of garnet-coloured satin, with a long train quite plain. Tunic of the same, drawn up en coquille at each side, and trimmed with a wide flounce of Chantilly. Pointed body of the same coloured velvet, trimmed with two frills of lace, separated by a bias fold of satin and bows of satin.

Robe of poult de soie, lilac shot with pink. Long train, trimmed with a flounce of pink silk edged with lilac. Above this are two bouillons, one of each colour. The paniers and camargo of the two silks, the lilac predominating. Low body, trimmed with frills of pink silk. Band of lilac, with a bias fold of pink cut in scallops along the centre, and fastened under a large rosette at the back, made of lilac and pink silk.

Amongst the most charming Paris models in bonnets is one of black lace, forming a diadem, quilled at each edge, and in the middle a branch of myrtle with long flexible wreath falling over the chignon, and white

agrette at the side. Barbes of black lace, fastened by a bouquet.

A white tulle bonnet, covered with small bows of white satin, the ends falling towards the back. Across the front a curled white feather, fastened at the side by a bouquet of moss roses or pink daisies. Strings of white satin, edged with a ruche of tulle, and fastened by a bouquet of flowers.

A bonnet of pink tulle malines and blonde to match, making a diadem very much raised, and trimmed with a feather the same colour. At the side a bow of pink silk, from which falls a white agrette with a black head. Strings of blonde and tulle, fastened by a bow.

A diadem of blue tulle, trimmed with a bow of gros grain the same colour, and a wreath of myosotis across the top of the chignon, and a veil of tulle in the form of a scarf tied at the back, the long ends falling gracefully over the chignon. Strings of gros grain, edged with a bouillonne of tulle, and fastened by a bouquet of myosotis.

FASHION GOSSIP FROM AMERICA.

For receptions the fanchon headress is, of course, a great feature, and gives the full-dress appearance to the whole toilette which follows suit. It is now quite out of style to make a call in a cloak or wrapper, the panier or tunic from the waist forming casaque and substituting the basquine. The fur-lined cloak or silk wide mantle is worn, however, from the carriage to the hall or ante-room, where the servant takes it off, and the visitor enters with nothing but lace or fur trimming over the bodice. The loveliest visiting dresses are havane, porcelain blue and grey, with no trimming round the trains but a panier, called flywings because it imitates the two flapping pinions of a bird, and has in the centre a quantity of bows.

There are no novelties since my last, writes our informant, but there are improvements of a notable character: for instance, the flounces—of which we cease to count the number—are now not only cut on the cross, on the straight, and plisses, and flutes, and fans, they are being dented like the teeth of a saw, and these dents are not only piped and bound (persevering bachelors will un-



Fig. 2.

derstand if they try), but hemmed, and it is a good way to prevent jaggings. Bows are put on in profusion—down anywhere—but they are very pretty in the lovely feather berets and toquets. Also down the front of square bodices green velvet bows on havane poult, and azure, blue on salmon poult are the newest. Ruches are to be the hydrophobia of ladies in the spring.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SPRING MANTLES.

Our two first illustrations this week present to our readers designs for spring mantles. Fig. 1 is to be worn with a dress à panier; Fig. 2 can be assumed with any style of dress. The material may be silk, trimmed with passementerie and fringe, or corresponding with dress. To wear under winter jackets these shapes may be worked in tricôt with fleecy wool, and are very acceptable during such a cold spring as the present. Cut the shape in paper, and execute the work in tricôt to the pattern. Allow three more stitches in the foundation chain than the desired width, as the working draws it up. Scarlet and black or grey and mauve are the best colours to use for such a purpose.

Fig. 3 is a stylish design for a spring hat. It is of black straw, the brim covered with black velvet. A black lace veil is arranged as a trimming, supplemented by a velvet rosette, having an agrette in the centre, and two heron's feathers turned back over the crown.

Fig. 4 is more simple, yet still stylish. The hat is high over the forehead, and sloped away towards the top of the chignon. It is covered with black velvet. Behind there is a bow of narrow, but rich, satin ribbon, and in front an ostrich feather—blue or white.

Fig. 5 displays another black velvet hat, with satin bows in front, and coloured satin flowers, a little to one side. From the back a mantilla veil flows gracefully, and is secured below the chin by a bow of satin to match the flowers. The ribbon on the hat itself is black.

ROSE AND ACACIA BOWER.

DESIGN FOR AN ANTIMACASSAR IN GUYPURE CROCHET.

Materials: Messrs. Walter Evans and Co.'s Boar's Head Cotton No. 0, and Walker's Penelope Needle No. 4.

THE LEAVES.—These are acacia leaves. Make first 9 chain. To make our explanation clear we will call these chains 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, as they are worked. The first one is for the stalk, the others form the foundation of the first leaf. Having made the 9 chain, make one plain stitch on 8, that is the last chain next the needle. On the next stitch, called 7, make one double crochet. Make two treble crochet on the next two chain stitches, and three railway stitches * * on the next three. You have thus worked backwards on all the 8 chain stitches, leaving one for the stalk. Now make 8 chain, and work on it to form another leaf exactly like the last, that is one plain on the chain next the needle, one double crochet on the next, two long on the next two, three railways on the three last. Slip the loop off the needle and draw it through the first chain in the foundation of the first leaf. Thus two leaves are finished, pointing each way and meeting in the middle. You have the last loop now at the back of the work. Make 4 chain at the back. Slip the needle out of the loop and then bring it in front, by inserting the needle between the two leaves in the centre, near the top, where they are broadest, and where there is a sort of little space between them, draw the loop through, and make one plain into the stitch at the top between the leaves.

Work the next two leaves precisely the same, leaving the one chain for the stalk, as before. This stalk goes straight up the centre of the leaves.

Repeat these leaves twice more, making in all four pairs of leaves.

At the top work * 8 chain, twist the cotton round the needle as for a long stitch, draw the cotton through the last chain of the eight, next the needle, and then draw the cotton again right through the three. One long stitch on the next chain. Three double crochet on the next three chain, and two plain on the two last chain stitches. Repeat from * twice more, and then make one plain in the first chain of the first eight, and fasten off. This completes the first spray of acacia leaves. Four more sprays must be made like it.

* * **RAILWAY STITCH** is made like a long stitch, only instead of putting the cotton once over the needle, it is put twice, and worked off two loops at a time as a long stitch.

THE ACACIA FLOWERS TO JOIN THE LEAVES.—Make 7 chain and unite them. Work twelve double crochet into them.

2nd round.—One long stitch into every loop, with one chain between each.

3rd row.—Two long stitches into the first chain of last row, two chain, two long into the next one chain, two chain again, and two long into the next one chain; then one chain, take up one of the acacia leaves by putting the needle through the end of the stalk, and working one plain. One chain, two long into the next one chain of the last round. Repeat, taking up in this way successively the four acacia sprays. Each of these is called a star of sprigs.

THE ROSE.

Make a ring of 8 chain and work 16 d. c. into it.

2nd round.—1 d. c. into every other stitch with 3 chain between each.

3rd round.—1 d. c., 2 long, 1 railway, 2 long, 1 d. c., into every loop of 3 chain.

4th round.—1 d. c. between the 2 d. c. of last round, 5 chain; repeat.

5th round.—1 d. c., 2 long, 2 railway, 2 long, 1 d. c., into every loop of 5 chain.



Fig. 4.

6th round.—1 d. c. between the 2 d. c. of last round, 6 chain and repeat.

7th round.—1 d. c., 2 long, 4 railway, 2 long, 1 d. c., into every loop of 6 chain.

This finishes the rose. To work it into the square formed by the meeting of the stars, 1 d. c. in the centre of the first petal, then make 5 chain, dot * *, 5 chain, 1 plain through the point of the first leaf of the first acacia spray (from the point), 5 chain, dot, 5 chain, plain the centre of the next rose petal, 5 chain, dot, 5 chain, 1 plain d. c. on the point of the third leaf of the same acacia spray (counting from the point), 2 chain, dot, 3 chain, 1 plain into the point of the third leaf of the second

acacia spray (counting from the point, this is the leaf exactly opposite the last), 5 chain, dot, 5 chain, 1 plain on the second rose petal into the same stitch as the last plain, 5 chain, dot, 5 chain, 1 plain into the first leaf of the second spray (counting from the point), 5 chain, dot, 5 chain, 1 plain on the third petal of the rose. This joins in half the rose.

The whole antimacassar is made in this way: The acacia stars being joined together by the central points of



Fig. 3.

each spray, with 3 chain, dot, 3 chain, 1 plain on the other leaf, 3 chain, dot, 3 chain, 1 plain back on the first leaf, and the rose is joined on the other side in the same way as described above, one petal on each side being left.

The worker must follow the details very closely, as they are rather intricate, but when one pattern has been worked it will come very easy. The thoroughly original design and the elegance of the lace, when completed, quite reward the trouble taken.

Dor.—The dot is made by working 5 chain and 1 plain back on the first; "5 chain, dot," is worked with 10 chain and 1 plain on the fifth from the needle.

OBSERVATIONS.—This pattern ought to be worked tight; but as many workers vary in the measure of their stitches, the number of stitches between the dots used in inserting the rose in squares left between the stars of acacia sprigs can be made fewer or increased at the pleasure and according to the taste of the worker.

When the worker gets familiar with her pattern it will be easy to make the flower sprays in one with the acacia flower, working each one up from its point in the last round of the flower. The stars of acacias should also be worked together. To do this, when you have come to the top of the centre of the three buds at the end of the spray, after making the 8 chain for it and before working back, make 3 chain, dot, 3 chain, 1 plain on the point of the acacia spray to which you intend to join it, 3 chain, dot, 3 chain, 1 plain on the eighth chain of the bud, twist the cotton over the needle, and finish the bud as usual.

If in working it the leaves sit a little too close, for 3 chain dot, work 4 chain, dot, or 5 chain, dot, and so on. This pattern can be worked in coloured wool.

NOVELTIES.

NEW GLOVE FASTENING.—Upon the thumb side of the glove at the place where the buttonhole is usually formed, a plate is sewn; this plate has two apertures, one of which is used for securing it to the glove, the other forms an eye or loop, to serve instead of a buttonhole. On the side of the glove opposite to the thumb a lace or tape is attached, the other end of which is carried under the rear end of a hooked plate which forms the clasp, then up through a slit in this plate and down through another slit, coming out again at the rear end of the plate or clasp, and terminated by a tassel; this tassel coming out underneath the edge of the clasp holds both in position. The other end of this clasp or plate terminates in a hook to take into the eye which serves as a buttonhole. Gloves furnished with this arrangement can be unfastened in two ways, either by raising the lace or clasp and drawing the lace, or by simply releasing the hook from the eye. The tape or lace can be made of elastic material. These fastenings may be removed from one glove to another by making the glove with two buttonholes and putting on the fastening two buttons, so that the eye and tape, instead of being sewn or riveted, may be fastened to the glove by buttoning. The inventor of this fastening is M. Theodore Deschamps, Rue de Choiseul, Paris.

The Ladies' Garden.

LADIES should now be looking out their hardy and half-hardy flower-seeds, and arranging where they will plant them in the open borders, for April is not too early for most kinds. It is necessary in selecting the varieties to take care that those growing tall should be sown at the back of the borders, getting the dwarf ones close down to the edges of the borders. All small seeds should be slightly covered with the soil, and the larger ones, such as lupins, with about an inch

of soil over them. One of the most important points to be attended to afterwards is thinning out, for, be as careful as one may, it is impossible to sow them sufficiently thin to enable them to grow to their natural size; therefore, as soon as the plants are large enough, thin them out, so that each plant may have plenty of room to develop itself. Half-hardy and tender annuals may also be sown in frames, in the manner we have so often directed, and should be allowed air on all fine days as soon as they are up. In sowing the smaller kinds of seeds, it is a good plan to mix them with silver sand, as they can then be scattered more evenly. In watering them the safest method, as we advised our readers last year, is to wet a common clothes brush, hold it with the hairs uppermost, a little way off, and draw the hand along the hairs, which will throw the water in an almost imperceptible shower, as fertilising as dew.

The following list of good hardy annuals, suitable for sowing this month and next, is given in a contemporary, but will doubtless be found serviceable by some of our readers: *Asperula azurea* setosa, light blue, 1 ft.; *Abronia umbellata*, rosy lilac, 1 ft.; *Bartonia aurea*, bright yellow, 1 ft.; *Calliopsis Drummondii*, yellow and crimson, 2 ft.; *Calliopsis atrosanguinea*, blood red, 2 ft.; *Calliopsis tinctoria*, yellow and red, 2 ft.; *Candytuft*, crimson, 1 ft.; *Candytuft*, white, 1 ft.; *Candytuft*, lilac, 1 ft.; *Centranthus macrospiphon*, red, 1 ft.; *Chrysanthemum tricolor*, fore pleno, white, yellow, and crimson, 1 ft.; *Clarkia elegans* rosea, rose, 1 ft.; *Clarkia integrifolia*, deep rose, 1 ft.; *Clarkia pulchella*, rose, 1 ft.; *Clarkia pulchella* alba, white, 1 ft.; *Collinsia bicolor*, pink and white, 1 ft.; *Collinsia candidissima*, pure white, 1 ft.; *Collinsia grandiflora*, pink and blue, 1 ft.; *Collomia coccinea*, scarlet, 1 ft.; *Convolvulus major*, various, 8 ft.; *Convolvulus minor*, blue, 1 ft.; *Erysimum Profskianum*, orange, 1 ft.; *Eutoca viscidula*, deep blue, 1 ft.; *Eschscholtzia Californica*, yellow, 1 ft.; *Eschscholzia grandiflora*, rose, 1 ft.; *Gilia tricolor*, lilac, white, purple, 1 ft.; *Gilia rosea*, rose, 1 ft.; *Gilia Achillefolia*, blue, 1 ft.; *Godetia rosea* alba, rosy white, 1 ft.; *Godetia Lindleyana*, lilac and red, 1 ft.; *Godetia rubicunda*, red, 1 ft.; *Gypsophila elegans*, white and purple, 1 ft.; *Hibiscus Africanus*, yellow and brown, 1 ft.; *Hunnemannia formariifolia*, yellow, 1 ft.; *Kaulfussia amplexicaulis*, bright blue, 1 ft.; *Larkspur*, dwarf rocket, various, 1 ft.; *Larkspur*, hyacinth flowered, various, 1 ft.; *Larkspur*, dwarf German, various, 1 ft.; *Larkspur*, tall stock flowered, various, 3 ft.; *Leptosiphon androsaceus*, various, 1 ft.; *Leptosiphon aureus*, golden yellow, 1 ft.; *Leptosiphon densiflorus*, purple, 3 ft.; *Lupinus nanus*, blue and white, 1 ft.; *Lupinus subcarneus*, deep blue, 1 ft.; *Lupinus Cruickshankii*, various, 3 ft.; *Lupinus albo coccineus*, white and scarlet, 2 ft.; *Mignonette*, 1 ft.; *Malope grandiflora*, deep crimson, 1 ft.; *Nemophila insignis*, blue, 3 ft.; *Nemophila atomaria*, white, 1 ft.; *Nemophila discoidalis*, black, 2 ft.; *Nemophila maculata*, white and purple, 1 ft.; *Nolana lanceolata*, bright blue, 1 ft.; *Oenothera Drummondii* nana, yellow, 1 ft.; *Sweet peas*, various, 4 ft.; *Platystemon Californicum*, yellow, 4 ft.; *Saponaria Ca abrica*, pink, 3 ft.; *Saponaria Calabrica*, alba, white, 3 ft.; *Schizopetalon Walkerii*, white, 1 ft.; *Tropaeolum Canariense*, yellow, 8 ft.; *Tropaeolum Crystal Palace*, scarlet, 1 ft.; *Tropaeolum*, many varieties; *Venus' looking-glass*, blue, 1 ft.; *Vescaria oculata*, rose, 1 ft.; *Virginia stock*, red, 1 ft.

Mr. D. T. Fish, F.R.H.S., in a long and interesting letter to the *Chronicle*, on sweet peas, gives some hints of which ladies should avail themselves. For bouquet work, he assures us, sweet peas are most effective with one blossom only left on a stem. By this method every bloom can be arranged to a nicety of position and an equality of height, and they impart a dressiness and sweetness as an outer row, resting on a fringe of green, that not many flowers can equal and hardly any excel. But the stand for the display of sweet peas is a wide mouth vase from nine inches to a foot in height. For this purpose branches of different lengths should be cut, choosing those of the most artistic form, abundant bloom, and greatest number, length, and curliness of tendrils; also a bunch of the finest distinct blossoms. Then, with a correct eye and artistic fingers, carefully arrange and fill in the materials, allowing the tendrils and the leaves to depend over the edges of the vase, and spring up slightly beyond the flowers in all directions, and you will have an offering fit for the acceptance of the Queen of Beauty herself. Such a perfect vase once presented in the drawing-room is not willingly let go. It is welcomed with such rapture that means must be devised to make it a permanent institution there. "The simplest mode



Fig. 5.

of doing so," he writes, "is to sow sweet peas three or four times, as we do all other peas. It is just as easy, indeed easier, to keep up a succession of sweet pea blossom, as of edible pea pods, and by the same means. Sow, therefore, in November, for the first crop; in March, for the second; in May, for the third; and if they must be gathered right up into the frost and snow, try a few more in June for the last. The March and May sowings should be in partially shaded places, as the sun destroys the purity of colour; and the last should be sown, like the first, on a warm spot. This, however, is not essential for the first crop on account of any delicacy of the plants, but simply to hasten the first crop of flowers. I could name ladies who prize this pure pleasure as

much or more than the epicure does his first ducklings and pealets.

Where sweet peas are used for boundaries of ribbons, covering fences, forming screens, &c., they may be made to flower throughout the season, by preventing the maturation of a single seed, and by frequent delugings of liquid manure. The branch cutting for decorative purposes also favours the breaking back of the haulm, and this tends to continuity of blossoming. The scarlet invincible pea, which, by the way, is not a scarlet, shows what may be done by careful selection, and points the way to greater distinctness and vividness of colouring. A spotless white, a perfect blue, a vivid scarlet are within reach, and would form valuable backgrounds to many ribbon or flower garden arrangements, where an indiscriminate mixture cannot be used. With these new varieties, and early and successive sowings, or judicious pickings, no flower garden or drawing-room need be without the sweet adornment of these lovely flowers from May to November.

The following general directions we epitomise from the *Gardener's Magazine* :—

Flower Garden.—The runners of Russian, Neapolitan, and double violets, planted out now on a border to which a liberal proportion of leaf-mould has been added, will make good plants for taking up to bloom indoors. Good plants can be had from seeds sown at once, and planted out in the same way as the runners, will also bloom well next spring. Clip back edgings, trim in, and put in cuttings of the latter. They should be put in a border of sandy soil, and not exposed too much to the sun. Old roots of dahlias can be planted, and a flower-pot turned over them at night after they come up, to protect from frost.

Greenhouse.—Considering the easy culture of many subjects with ornamental foliage and a stately habit, it is somewhat singular that we do not see less of the commonplace arrangements of the conservatory through the summer and autumn, which are, unhappily, so abundant. All the Cannas are beautiful in foliage and flower; some more so than others. Many have spikes of flowers equal to the Gladioli. Nicotiana Wigandoides and the striped Japanese Maize are grand for conservatory decoration. Seeds sown at once, and the plants treated liberally, will attain considerable dimensions by the middle of summer. The Cannas flower best from roots started now. Cordylines, Dracenas, Aralias, and greenhouse Palms should have a shift now if the soil in which they are growing is exhausted. If the pots in which these are growing are already large, reduce the balls of soil, and re-put in the same size again; with the exception of the palms, which must not be disturbed.

Fruit Garden.—Go over the wall and other trees, and search carefully for caterpillars, which will be found curled up in the leaves. Apricots are particularly subject to this just now, and many of the shoots wanted for laying-in will be destroyed if not looked after. Disbudding may be commenced. Begin by pinching off the foretongue shoots, which will be sufficient for the present, as the foliage will help to protect the fruit from frost. The protecting material must not be removed altogether for the present, but the trees should be uncovered whenever the weather will allow of its being done with safety.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

NONPAREIL PUDING.—Take half a pound each of flour, suet, treacle, and raisins, stoned and halved; one egg, one tablespoonful of oil, and a little grated lemon-peel; put it into a buttered mould and boil it two hours. Serve with egg or spice sauce.

BREAD CHEESECAKE.—Slice a stale halfpenny roll as thin as possible; pour upon it half a pint of scalding hot cream, and let it stand two hours to soak. Then take four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a tumbler grated. Beat all well together; put in a quarter of a pound of currants, washed and dried before the fire, and a dessertspoonful of brandy. Bake in patty-pans or in raised crusts for twenty minutes.

MARLBOROUGH PUDING.—Line the tart-dish with puff-paste, cover the bottom with preserves, mix together a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar and the same quantity of butter, beat up five eggs, pouring out two whites, pour the butter and sugar on the eggs, beating them all the time, then pour it on your dish; bake three quarters of an hour.

KENTISH PUDING.—Boil half a pound of rice in a cloth till tender, boil six apples, pared and cored as if for sauce; mix the apple pulp and the rice together, with four ounces of butter, the same of sugar, and two eggs.

RUTLAND CAKE.—Take a quarter of a stone of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of loaf sugar, six eggs, three large spoonfuls of yeast, three pints of milk, one pound of currants, peel of two lemons. Melt half a pound of butter in three pints of milk, and mix it, when quite cool, with a quarter of a stone of flour, six eggs well beaten, half a pound of loaf sugar pounded fine, the peel of two lemons chopped small, a pound of currants washed and picked, and three large spoonfuls of yeast. Beat all well together, and set it at some distance from the fire for three hours covered over. Divide it into two cakes, and bake them for an hour to an hour and a half.

CANADIAN CAKES.—Time, fifteen minutes to bake. A pound and a half of sifted flour, one pound of loaf sugar, one pound of fresh butter, ten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of orange flower water, two tablespoonfuls of wine or brandy, half a pound of currants, peel of half a grated lemon. Mix a pound and a half of sifted flour with a pound of powdered sugar, rub into it a pound of fresh butter, then add ten well-beaten eggs, two spoonfuls of orange flower water, and two table-spoonfuls of wine or brandy, with half a pound of well cleansed and dried currants. Beat the mixture until it is light and creamy, have some square tins lined with buttered paper, put the mixture into them half an inch deep, and bake in a quick oven. When served, cut it in squares or diamonds. This cake may be iced, but it must be marked as it is to be cut before the icing is done.

LIGHT PUDINGS (FRENCH).—Boil in a pint of water equal quantities of sugar and butter, and some grated lemon-peel. When the water boils stir it briskly with one hand with a wooden spoon, and with the other, while doing so, powder in flour until a very thick paste is formed. Take it off the fire, and mix in eggs, one at a time, with the back until it becomes liquid. Thus prepared fry it in pieces the size of a nut. They will rise considerably. Take them off when they are of a good colour. Powder them with sugar, and serve immediately. A little rose-water is a great improvement. It should be put into the water.

LIGHT PUDING (Second Receipt).—Put one pint of cream into a saucepan, a spoonful of rose or orange-flower water, two ounces of sugar, rather less than half a pound of butter, and a little salt. When the cream begins to boil, powder in flour with one hand and stir it with the other, until a very thick paste is formed. Continue to stir while it is over the fire.

Take it off. Mix in successively, one by one, eight eggs, stirring the paste while this is done. This should never be discontinued. By this stirring and beating up the paste is rendered light. Have boiling hot frying fat ready, and fry the paste, dividing it for that purpose into pieces the size of a nut or pigeon's egg, and dropping each piece with a spoon into the frying-pan. Take them out as they are done. They should be served immediately.

LIGHT PUDINGS—CHOUX EN PATISSERIE.—Heat two quarts of water. Put half a pound of sugar and the grating of a lemon into it. When it is just going to boil up, stir it vigorously with one hand with a wooden spoon, and powder in flour with the other. Continue to do this until a thick paste is formed. Let it boil without ceasing to stir it. Sprinkle a board or table with flour, put the paste on it, roll it for a second, and divide it into small pieces the size of a pigeon's egg. Wash them with eggs which have been beaten up, and put them into an oven. Take them out when they are yellow, in order to powder them with sugar, and put them back again to glaze. Thus prepared, cut a slit in the bottom, and fill it with Frangipane. It may also be filled with any liquid sort of preserved fruit.

HAM CAKE (FOR BREAKFAST).—Take cold boiled ham; cut up equal parts of the fat and lean, season well with spice, beat it to a paste in a mortar, add one fourth of fresh butter, put it into a mould, and roast for twenty minutes; let it become cold, and turn it out when dripping the fat. The mould for a few minutes into boiling water. A fresh egg or two may be added if approved of. Tongue cake or cold beef is made in the same manner. If possible, it should be glazed with jelly when served.

The Useful Corner.

THE LOSS OF WEIGHT IN COOKING, comparing poultry and other meats, would, according to Professor D'Arcy, be as follows: He took a pair of longer ribs of beef weighing 11 lb.; this, when roasted, lost 2 lb. 6 oz. of which 2 lb. were water, and 10 oz. fat, &c. The meat was then dissected from the bones, and these were found to weigh 16 oz. Consequently, of the original joint, which weighed more than 11 lb., there was less than 8 lb. of meat; so that if it was bought at 84d. per pound, the roasted beef that could be actually consumed would cost more than 1s. a pound. Part of a sirloin of beef that weighed 12 lb. lost by roasting 4 lb. of which 27 were water, and 17 fat, &c. The bones weighed 2 lb., and the beef that was actually suitable for eating weighed 7 lb. Hence, if the cost of the joint were at the rate of 84d. per pound, the value of the roasted meat would be 1s. 2d. per pound. A leg of mutton that weighed when bought 9 lb. lost, when roasted, 1 lb. of fat, &c., and 14 oz. of water. The bone weighed 16 oz. Only 6 lb. 6 oz. were left, and if the butcher had charged 8d. per pound, the cooked meat would cost more than 11d. A goose, not stuffed, prepared for roasting, weighed 5 lb.; when roasted it was found to have lost 18 oz., and the bones weighed 12 oz. The edible part that remained, therefore, if the goose sold at 1s. a pound, would be worth 1s. 84d. per pound. A turkey, properly trussed, weighed, including its liver and gizzard, 6 lb. 11 oz. It lost 20 oz. in roasting, and its skeleton weighed 1 lb. 14 oz., the weight of its edible part being 4 lb. 10 oz. Had the original price of the turkey been 5s., the value of the roasted meat would be 1s. 1d. per pound. According to the same authority, a duck when prepared for roasting weighed 1 lb. 10 1/2 oz. In roasting it lost 6 1/2 oz., and the bones weighed 4 oz. The edible portion therefore was only about 1 lb., and if the duck cost 6s. or 8s., the roasted meat would be this sum per pound. A fowl weighing 14 lb. lost 8 oz. when roasted, and its skeleton weighed 3 1/2 oz. The edible portion therefore was 10 1/2 oz. At the price fowls commonly sell at, the cost of the roasted meat would be 1s. 6d. per pound. The proportion between the bones and flesh of the fowl above mentioned are no evidence of what birds judiciously crossed in breeding and carefully reared would be. It is a common thing now to find chickens plucked and trussed, but not drawn, weighing from 5 lb. to 6 lb. each at as many months old.

SAUCE A LA TARTARE.—Four tablespoonfuls of stock or gravy, a tablespoonful of ginger, one of made mustard, a little chopped parsley, a small wineglassful of mushroom ketchup; simmer altogether a few moments and pour very hot on the dish on which you serve the steaks.

GOOD FORCEMEAT.—Half a pound of veal half a pound of streaked bacon, some parsley, thyme, lemon thyme, and sweet marjoram, all chopped fine, then pounded in a mortar, season with pepper, salt, a blade of mace, four cloves, a little grated nutmeg, and mix with the yolks of three eggs. You may add a few oysters, and, if required particularly nice, use beef marrow instead of suet.

FEASTING IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The bill of fare at the installation of Archbishop George Neville, of York, in 1460, was a catalogue of good things which would astonish the givers of a modern feast of the kind. We question whether the recent installation of the Primate of all England showed items in the bill of fare which approached the magnificence of "3,000 geese, a pipe of Ipcoras, 200 tuns of ale, 80 oxen, 400 deer, 1,004 sheep, 300 veals, 300 porks, 2,300 porks, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 4,000 conies, 4,000 malards and teal, 400 hearnsews;" with pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, plovers, quails, and egrets to match. This tremendous feast included in the bill of fare eight porpoises, as many seals, six wild bulls, 294 bitterns, 100 curlews, 200 cranes, and 100 peacocks. The first course began with brawn, ended with "custard planned (blanched), a subtlety;" the second included jelly, venison-cake, and another "subtlety;" the third course involved the eating, by hook or by crook, of "blank desire," dates in compost, egrets, larks, roast porpoises, baked quinces, and a third "subtlety," with wafers and "Hypocras wine plenty," wound up the entertainment. Fancy asking a "dutches" to a dinner like this; yet my lord of York induced the Lady Dowager of Suffolk, four countesses, besides baronesses and gentlemen, to be at the table. The mystery of what became of all the victuals is but partly solved by the note of how certain franklins and yeomen, 412 in all, and 400 lords' servants who sat in the gallery, were "twice filled and served."

A SUCCESS UNPRECEDED.—MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTION.—The *Globe* says: "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and superseded every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solvency, and a delicate and a rare concentration of the elements of nutrition distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homeopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."—Sold in packets only, by all Grocers.

Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Louise and attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh, drove to Twickenham on Thursday afternoon last week, and visited the Countess of Paris. The Prince and Princess de Joinville and the Duchess de Chartres met the Queen there. Prince Arthur accompanied, and the Equerries in Waiting attended. Her Majesty on horseback. Her Majesty returned to Windsor by a special train on the South-Western Railway.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Roxburgh, drove out on the Wednesday afternoon, and Her Majesty walked and drove in the grounds on Thursday morning with Princess Louise. Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice also went out.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess Christian during the morning at Frogmore. Her Royal Highness afterwards returned to London, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Major-General Lord Frederick Paulet.

The Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chamberlain had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on the Wednesday. Her Majesty's private band played in the drawing-room after dinner before their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, the Duchess of Cambridge, and his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, and the visitors at the Castle.

The Queen drove out on Thursday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice also drove out. The Dean of Windsor had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

On Friday morning Her Majesty went out in the grounds, attended by the Hon. Emily Cathcart. The other members of the Royal Family also went out. Prince Arthur, attended by Colonel Elphinstone, left the Castle for Greenwich-park. In the afternoon the Queen, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, drove in the grounds.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, went to Claremont on Saturday morning. Lady in attendance, Princess Louise walked in the Home-park, attended by the Hon. Emily Cathcart.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Lord Lawrence arrived at the Castle on Friday, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Right Hon. E. Cardwell arrived at the Castle on Saturday, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

On Sunday the Queen, their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel. The Rev. J. R. Williams, rector of Hedsor, preached the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited Her Majesty, and remained to luncheon.

The Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley had the honour of going with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen went out in the grounds on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Windsor Castle on Tuesday morning at a quarter past eleven o'clock for Basingstoke.

Her Majesty drove to the railway station in Windsor, and travelled by a special train on the Great Western Railway to Paddington, and proceeded from thence to Buckingham Palace, attended by Lady Churchill, Viscount Bridport, and Colonel H. Ponsonby (Equerries in Waiting), and escorted by a detachment of the 17th Lancers. Her Majesty arrived at Buckingham Palace shortly after twelve o'clock.

The Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Victoria of Wales arrived at the Palace shortly after eleven o'clock, from Windsor Castle, attended by Lady Caroline Barrington and Colonel Gardiner.

Hassan Pasha, son of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt; Musurus Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador; and Colonel Meneur (going with the Queen and the Royal Family) arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Earl of Salisbury (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) also arrived, and presented Hassan Pasha to Her Majesty, the Turkish Ambassador being present. Colonel Gamble was also presented by the Earl of Clarendon. The Earl of Clarendon had an audience of Her Majesty. The Marquis of Normandy, Lord in Waiting, and Major-General F. Seymour, C.B., Groom in Waiting, were in attendance.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the afternoon. Lady Churchill, the Hon. Lucy Kerr, Viscount Bridport, and Colonel H. Ponsonby were in attendance. The Queen was received on her arrival by the treasurer, the physicians, the surgeons, and the other officers of the hospital, after which Her Majesty was conducted over the establishment and through the various wards. Sir William Jenner was present in attendance on her Majesty. On the way to the hospital the Queen drove past the new Meat Market in Smithfield.

Prince Leopold, accompanied by Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, G.C.B., and attended by the Rev. R. Duckworth, visited the Tower of London in the afternoon.

THE ROYAL BAPTISM AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—The baptism of the infant princess, second son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland), took place on Wednesday, last week, at one o'clock, in the private chapel within the Castle. The clergy officiating were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Hon. and Very Rev. were—the Queen, proxy for the Queen Dowager of Denmark; her Royal Highness Princess Louise, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, for his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, for his Serene Highness the Duke Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein; the Duchess of Roxburgh, for her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse; and the Saxon Minister for the King of Saxony. Her Majesty was attended by Lady Churchill, Lady in Waiting, and the Hon. Lucy Kerr and the Hon. Emily Cathcart, Maids of Honour. At the commencement of the service a voluntary was played upon the organ by Mr. Cusins. The infant prince was then brought into the chapel, attended by Lady Susan Melville. The

Queen handed the prince to the archbishop, and gave his names—"Albert John Charles Frederic Alfred George."

THE QUEEN'S LEVEE.—By command of the Queen a Levee was held on Saturday, at St. James's Palace, by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, on behalf of Her Majesty. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by his Gentleman in Waiting, and escorted by a detachment of the Life Guards, arrived at St. James's from Buckingham Palace about two o'clock, and was received by the Chief Officers of State of the Royal Household. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur entered the Throne-room, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and their Serene Highnesses Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Prince of Teck. The Levee though fairly attended, was not crowded.

The day fixed for the celebration of the Queen's birthday has, by Her Majesty's command, been changed from Saturday, May 29, to Wednesday, June 2.

The Queen has created Prince Arthur a Knight of St. Patrick.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN IRELAND.—His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Major Elphinstone and suite, left on Sunday afternoon, on his visit to Ireland. The prince and his attendants drove to the Euston Terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, for the purpose of travelling by the five o'clock train, by which the prince travelled, and arrived at Holyhead at 12.50 Monday morning. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur was warmly received on the route through Dublin. He sat in an open carriage with his Excellency the Earl Spencer. At Kingston, on his landing, a royal salute was fired. The day was fine, and the streets were densely crowded. Prince Arthur and Earl Spencer left Dublin for Punctown races at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, and remained on the course until near six. The day was wet. Immense crowds were present, and the Prince was warmly received.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The following telegraphic dispatches show the latest movements of their royal highnesses.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 31.—A telegram from the Dardanelles was received here this morning announcing the arrival there of the Prince of Wales. His royal highness is expected here to-night or to-morrow morning. The English Ambassador left here yesterday in the steamer Caradoc to meet his royal highness at the Dardanelles. Raouf Pacha and Kiamil Bey, from the Sultan, leave also this afternoon for the same purpose. The English colony have prepared an address to be presented to the prince upon his arrival, and it is proposed that they should go outside the port in an express steamer to welcome him. An official banquet, balls, and reviews are being prepared. On the first day of Baira the Sultan made the Grand Vizier a present of a magnificent diamond.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 1.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived here this morning in the Adriatic, accompanied by the Psyche. The Caradoc, the Sultan's yacht, and nine other steamers had gone outside the port with the British residents on board to welcome their royal highnesses. The Foreign Minister and the Sultan's Grand Chamberlain went aboard the Adriatic, and all landed in the Sultan's barge at the Salibazar Palace, the usual salute being fired. The royal party was preceded by a guard of honour and the Sultan's band. All the foreign steamers in the port were dressed out with flags.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 2.—The Sultan went in great state to the Mosque of St. Sophia to-day. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Lord Carrington, Mr. Alison, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Lionel Moore (second secretary to the British Embassy, and specially attached to his royal highness during his present stay in this capital), witnessed the procession from the Sultan's kiosk. Their royal highnesses subsequently received a deputation of all classes of British residents in Constantinople, who presented an address. The prince thanked the deputation on behalf of the Queen, the princess, and himself, expressing the great pleasure he felt at being able to share with the princess on this occasion of his second visit the unbounded hospitalities of the Sultan, the Queen's firm ally and friend.

To-morrow a State dinner will be given by the Sultan in honour of his royal guests. The Foreign Ambassadors and the Turkish Ministers are invited. On Tuesday a ball will take place at the British Embassy. The Sultan will be present. On Wednesday their royal highnesses and the Sultan will visit the opera in state. The prince and princess will leave to-morrow week for the Crimea, returning to Constantinople on the following Friday, and then proceed immediately to Greece.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 3, Evening.—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales received visits from the diplomatic body to-day. They visited the old Seraglio, the Mosque, and the Seraskerat.

The Sultan will give a grand banquet this evening in honour of his royal guests.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 5.—Yesterday the Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine Service at the chapel of the British Embassy, lunched at the embassy, and afterwards paid a visit to the English cemetery at Scutari. To-day their royal highnesses visited the bazaars and other curious sights of Stamboul. For to-morrow the prince and princess have accepted Fazil Mustapha Pasha's invitation to luncheon, and in the evening there will be a gala ball at the British Embassy, at which the Sultan will be present.

Sir Andrew Buchanan, the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and Lady Buchanan, have arrived here to accompany the Prince of Wales on his visit to the Crimea. It is doubtful whether the Prince and Princess of Wales will pay a visit to Odessa. Their royal highnesses will probably proceed direct to Sebastopol, and thence to the Caucasus.

At Sebastopol great preparations for a magnificent reception are being made, in anticipation of the arrival of their royal highnesses.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter have sustained a domestic bereavement by the death of their third daughter, Lady Georgiana Cecil, which took place on Thursday last week at Bury House, from congestion of the brain.

The Countess of Clarendon has arrived in town from a visit to Mr. Odo and Lady Emily Russell at Rome, her ladyship having made a short stay at Florence and Paris on her way home.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury arrived in town on Saturday from Savernake, near Marlborough, for the season. The Countess of Courtown and the Ladies Stopford have arrived at 65, Brook-street, for the season.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough arrived at their residence in St. James's Park on Monday, from Blenheim Palace, near Woodstock, for the season.

The death of the Right Rev. Dr. Hynes, Bishop of Down, is announced. The venerable prelate expired at Paris on Tuesday week, while on his way to Ireland from Cannes, where he had been spending the winter.

Lady Herbert of Lea's party at Wilton House, near Salisbury, separated on Monday. Her ladyship and family come to town for the season about the 12th instant.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the Marquis of Stafford have arrived at Stafford House, St. James's, from a tour in the East and Italy.

Lady and Miss Macdonald Lockhart have arrived at 4, St. George's-place, Hyde-park-corner, for the season.

Lord Charles Hamilton, who has been in precarious health, is better.

The Earl of Dunraven has arrived at Torquay, from Adare House, Limerick, for a few weeks.

It has already been stated that the Prince Imperial of France is universal legate to the late Princess Baciocchi. Among other estates which his imperial highness has thus inherited is the Villa Vincentina, an immense property of from 1,200 to 1,500 hectares (2½ acres each) in the environs of Trieste. The director of the Emperor's private domain has just left Paris to visit the estate, in order to decide whether it should be preserved or disposed of.

The son of his Highness the Viceroy of Egypt and a numerous suite visited the Royal Amphitheatre and Circus, Holborn, on Saturday evening.

Letters from Naples state that the Princess Marguerite visited the churches on Thursday week, walking the whole of the way, and accompanied by only a few ladies and gentlemen in waiting. On her passing before the Largo della Garità the young students who were gathered in the *corte* rushed out and saluted her with enthusiastic cheering. A moving scene took place in the Gerolimini Church. Whilst the princess was praying a great crowd gathered before the gate, eager to see the fair lady, and on the police inviting the people to clear the way, an old woman thrust herself on the ground and would not be removed, insisted on kissing the princess, and crying aloud, when at last able to satisfy her wishes, "God bless you and preserve you." The crowd echoed the old woman's anguishes.

Sir Robert Gerrard, Lady and Miss Gerrard have arrived in Grosvenor-square for the season.

The Duchess of Newcastle arrived in town on Saturday from Paris.

Lady Thorold's second *soirée dansante* will take place on Tuesday, 20th inst.

The Athens journals state that the King of the Hellenes, during his last excursion in the province, was precipitated by a stumble of his horse into the river Alpheus, then greatly swollen by rain; but, being accustomed to all manly exercises, succeeded without much difficulty in reaching the bank.

We have to announce the death of the Hon. and Rev. Digby Walsh, second son of Lord Ormathwaite, which occurred on Friday last week. The hon. and rev. gentleman died suddenly of scarlet fever. He had been curate of Trowbridge, Wilts, since 1858, and was married 25th September, 1855, to Fanny Matilda, daughter of Mr. Henry Stroud.

The Hon. Mrs. de Roddes, sister of the fourth Lord Scarsdale, died the same day, at her residence in Clarges-street, Piccadilly. The lamented lady, who was born in 1835, married in 1854 Mr. William Hatfield de Roddes.

The Earl and Countess Vane and family do not come to town this season. They intend to stay at their seat in Wales for several months. Holderness-house, Park-lane, has been let to Mr. Hughes (of Kinnel) for the season.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Hamilton arrived in town on Tuesday from Eastwell-park, Kent, from passing the Easter recess.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare and family do not purpose coming to London this season. They intend to reside at a watering-place in the vicinity of Dublin.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge entertained a select party at dinner on Monday evening at Gloucester-house, Piccadilly.

Sir Philip and Lady Grey Egerton and Miss Egerton have arrived in Albermarle-street for the season.

Mr. and Lady Victoria Hope-Scott and family have arrived at Thomas's Hotel from the Continent.

The Earl of Dalhousie has arrived at Claridge's Hotel from Cannes.

The Countess of Lichfield has left her residence in Portman-square for Ventnor, Isle of Wight, to pass a few weeks with her family.

The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere and the Dowager Countess of Ellesmere arrived at Bridgewater-house in the early part of the week from Burwood.

Sir Samuel W. Baker has arrived in town from Egypt, having accompanied their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour to the Second Cataract of the Nile.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of the Hon. Clementina Charlotte Heathcote, eldest daughter of Gilbert Duke, first Baron Aveland, and Captain George Tyrone, R.N., C.B., took place on Monday forenoon at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. Only the relatives of the bride and gallant bridegroom were present on the occasion. The bridal party assembled at the church about half-past eleven o'clock. The bride, who on her arrival was received by her brother, Lord Aveland, wore a dress of white satin (over which were founes, &c., of Brussels lace), with a veil to correspond, and a wreath of white flowers. The only jewels worn were a necklace of diamond stars, and diamond earrings. She was attended to the altar by the following ladies, who acted as bridesmaids: The Hon. Elizabeth Heathcote and Hon. Eva Carington (sister and cousin of the bride), the Hon. Sophia Trollope (cousin of the bridegroom), Miss Finch, Miss Packer, and Miss Mary Heathcote. The bridesmaids were dressed in blue gowns and blue tulle bonnets, and each was presented with an elegant gold locket containing the photograph of the bride and her cypher, C. T., in blue enamel. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George Heathcote, the bride being given away by her brother Lord Aveland. After the registration of the marriage the members of the families present on the occasion met the newly-wedded couple at luncheon at Lord and Lady Aveland's residence, at 12, Belgrave-square. In consequence of the recent death of a relative, the circle was strictly limited to the members of the two families. Early in the afternoon the gallant captain and his bride left for Bulby Hall, Lincolnshire, to spend the honeymoon. The bridal presents were very numerous.

It is stated on authority that the marriage of George Stewart Forbes, Esq., of Aslow, second son of Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe, and Miss Henrietta Ward, niece of Earl Dudley, is fixed to take place in June.

We understand the marriage of the Hon. Charles Wood,

eldest son of Viscount Halifax, and Lady Agnes Courtenay will take place on the 22nd inst.

The marriage of Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the Duchess of Hamilton (née Princess Mary of Baden), and Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, which was originally appointed to take place at Baden in the course of the present month, is put off until June.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. Katherine Elizabeth Fleming, daughter of the tenth Earl of Dunsdown, G.C.B., Admiral R.N., was proved under 9,000*l.* personality. Her ladyship was born in 1821, and married, in 1840, Mr. John Willis-Fleming of Stoneham-park, Hants, formerly of the Grenadier Guards.

The wills of the undermentioned were also proved in the London court—viz, the Hon. Elizabeth Ann Gore, under 8,000*l.*; the Hon. Henrietta Maria Russell, 6,000*l.*; the Hon. Maria Wilkie, 3,000*l.* (her ladyship was the daughter of the second Viscount St. Vincent, was born in 1793, and married, in 1833, Mr. George Wilkie, M.D.); Dame Isabella Gilbert, 3,000*l.*; and Dame Sophia Anne Watson, 30,000*l.*

The Hon. Charles Welbore Herbert Agar, son of the second Earl of Namanton, died intestate; letters of administration of his personal effects were granted under 14,000*l.* The deceased was born in 1824, and was late of Her Majesty's army.

The will of the late Miss Sarah Roper, of Lansdown-parade, Cheltenham, was proved under 9,000*l.* She has made the following charitable bequests, all free of duty: To the British and Foreign Bible Society, 200*l.*; Church Missionary Society, London City Missions, Pastoral Aid Society, Irish Church Missionary Society, and Cheltenham General Hospital, each 100*l.*; the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge and Christianity Amongst the Jews, and the Blind School, York, each 50*l.*; to the Cheltenham Boys' and Girls' Refuges each 10*l.*, and a like bequest to the Female Refuge, Cheltenham. The interest of residue of her property is to be given to the poor of Cheltenham.

THE ANCIENT CLOCK.

OVER the white, bleak, barren land,
Level and golden, has dropt the sun;
Down on the wild shore's icy sand
Boom the long breakers, one by one.

Out from the blue east, fierce and round,
The red moon greets o'er jostling waves;
And now with impetuous, dreary sound,
The voice of the sweeping night-blast raves;

And angrier, louder the billows wake,
Whether its mighty footstep shoke,
Tossed into surges that momentarily break
Buffeting on precipitate rocks.

There, in the empty, solemn house,
Sitteth a woman while shadows fall,
Hearkening mutely, with bended brows,
To the clock that ticks from the lonesome hall.

A feeble monotone, vague to hear,
While turbulent waves clash below;
Yet every stroke to the listener's ear
Is sweet with the music of long ago!

For the ancient clock from its corner dim
Can deal with time in marvellous ways,
And tick, when the mood so pleases him,
Back through a thousand yesterdays!

And to her who listens at hours like these,
'Tis same if abroad be tumult or rest—
Thunderous battle of wintry seas,
Or boundless calm on the ocean's breast.

How often (perchance with dreams to weave
How the ancient clocks in our lonesome halls)
The tempest and clamour of life we leave,
When memory's magic whisper calls!

Miss Lizzie Boynton, of Crawfordville, Indiana, having lectured on the subject "After Suffrage, What?" recently answered the other day in the shape of an old pair of trousers, a jacket, and a drill razor.

THE CHERCH, OR DAY NURSERY.—We (*Lancet*) are desirous of calling attention to the commencement of a charitable institution which, when more fully developed, is likely to be of great benefit to the most deserving and industrious of the London poor. Lady Petre has opened a crèche, or day nursery, for the young children of working mothers, at 16, Beaumont-street, Marylebone, and has placed it in charge of sisters of mercy of the Order of St. Vincent of Paul. A mother (married or unmarried), who has actual work during the day, may leave one or more children under three years of age at the crèche, from morning until evening, for a charge of 3d. a-day for one child or 4d. for two. Women who are suckling may come to their infants once or twice a-day; but all the children who require it are well and properly fed. They are washed on arriving in the morning, clothed for the day in clothes provided for the purpose, and kept in an atmosphere of cleanliness and order. We need not say how much such help is wanted by the class to whom it is offered; and we need not enlarge upon the infantile mortality, and the demoralisation of older children, that flow from the necessary desertion of babies for the day by their parents. We understand that Lady Petre is desirous to enlarge her present crèche, to remove it to a locality more convenient of access to the mothers, and to establish others like it in other districts of London. There are in Paris many such institutions; and they are highly prized by all who witness their effects.

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weigh not more than one ounce, and exceed in value 1,000*l.* A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watch-making, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds an appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on artistic gold jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of bracelets, brooches, earrings, lockets, &c., &c., suitable for wedding, birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

Interesting Items.

The Liverpool Workhouse Committee has decided to entertain a proposal from Miss Rye to take all their orphan girls for her education scheme, each girl being supplied with 8s. by the parochial authorities.

A marriage has been celebrated in Aberdeen prison. After the ceremony the prisoner was removed to his cell and his newly-made wife went away.

A handloom weaver, named James Russ, living in Kidderminster, was choked while eating his dinner of mutton chop and cow's lung. The deceased leaves a wife and three children destitute.

It is thirty-seven years since the Jews celebrated the Passover at the same time as the Christians celebrated Easter, a coincidence which happened this year.

The Bishop of London has announced that he will hold his primary ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, May 23.

The *Daily News* learns with great regret that the state of Miss Carpenter's health will necessitate her speedy return from India.

The woman Crowley, who caused her husband's death by throwing over him a quantity of paraffin oil, was tried at the Liverpool Assizes, when the jury found her guilty, but strongly recommended her to mercy, the act having been committed in the moment of excitement, and the nominal sentence of one day's imprisonment was therefore passed upon her.

A GLOOMY FUTURE.—The whole of the girls employed in the cartridge and fuzee department of the Arsenal (numbering about 500) have received an intimation that their services will not be required after June, as it is proposed to close that portion of the establishment.

In the list of persons nominated to serve as guardians of the poor for the parish of Bethnal-green, which has just been affixed to the doors of the West Ward, the names of 'Angelina Georgiana Burdett Coutts, of 1, Stratton-street, Westminster, and Holly Lodge, Highgate.' Miss Coutts is the owner of a large amount of property in the parish, the model lodging-houses in Columbia-square and the handsome and capacious new Columbia-market having been erected by that benevolent lady. The latter edifice has been recently inspected by the various district wards and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and will be opened on the 1st of May next.

Miss Saurin has filed a bill in Chancery against the whole of the nuns in the Hull Convent, with the view of compelling a distribution of its property. It is very likely that the sum which, under an equal distribution of that property, would fall to Miss Saurin's share would exceed the amount, 300*l.*, which she paid into the Dublin Convent when she was professed, and the return of which was awarded to her by the recent verdict.

The President of the Poor-law Board has sustained a severe domestic affliction in the death of his sister, Miss Fanny Elizabeth Goschen, who was in her twenty-sixth year. She was the fourth daughter of the late Mr. William H. Goschen.

A sad revelation was made at a recent inquest at the New Concord Public-house, Kitchen's-road, Bermondsey, before Mr. Carter, touching the death of Archibald Lambert Hitchen, nine months old. The infant had been placed in a press bed at noon, and was left there until half-past five o'clock, when the mother sent a little boy to ascertain if he were awake. The boy, bringing an incomprehensible answer, the mother went upstairs and found the bed to have been shut up in chest fashion, and the poor child lay dead through being smothered. Further inquiries proved that the sister of the infant, a young woman twenty-two years of age, ignorant of the child having been placed there, had closed up the bed to give more light to a paperhanger engaged in the house. The child had been confined about five hours. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

The Tribunal of First Instance of Paris has just declared null and void a marriage between a Frenchman and an English girl, which was solemnized at Cardiff on November 14, 1867. The names of the parties are not given in the report. It appears that they at first attempted to get married by the French Consul at Cardiff, but he refused to perform the ceremony on the ground that the previous formalities required by the French law had not been complied with. They were then married before the registrar, and also by a Catholic priest at St. David's Chapel, Cardiff. The husband was at the time twenty-eight years of age, and the young lady, whose father, moreover, gave his consent, was upwards of twenty-one. The court held that although the marriage before the registrar was good according to the laws of England, yet it was void in France, because the parties had purposely concealed from the husband's father, whose consent should first have been asked by an *acte respectueux*. This is a new instance of the danger which English girls run when they marry foreigners in England.

The remarkable caverns at Guildford have been to some extent cleared of the *débris* with which they were encumbered. A safe place of access is being formed for the public, and, if the necessary consent can be obtained from the owners of the soil, in all probability the caverns will be opened for the inspection of the curious during the coming summer.

A singular occurrence has just taken place at Presburg, in Hungary. The prior of the Convent of the Brothers of Mercy, whilst celebrating mass, drank a quantity of sulphuric acid instead of water, which the attendant, a member of the choir, poured into the chalice instead of water. The prior fell dead at once on the steps of the altar.

An action against the Great Western Railway to recover damages for an injury done to a child of seven years of age has been tried at the Wilts Assizes. The child, with her parents, was travelling on the railway from Swindon to Malmesbury, when just before leaving the Purton-station, as the plaintiff's witnesses swore, the door of a third-class carriage flew open and the child fell out. It was picked up insensible, and continued very ill for seven weeks, and the doctor stated he could not say there would be any permanent injury, though there might be. On the part of the company the guards of the train and others were called to prove that the doors were properly fastened, and must have been opened by the child or some other person over whom the company had no control. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for 50*l.* damages.

Mr. R. Ransom, the coroner, has completed the inquest at the Townhall, Sudbury, touching the death of Mary Leadley, aged seventy years, and Mary Ann Althiea Readey, her daughter, aged thirty-four years, who were both found dead in a small cottage at 56, Cross-street, Sudbury. The bodies were accidentally discovered in the cottage, and the mother at least appeared to have been dead some weeks. Her body was found lying under an old covering, and it appeared to have been laid out by some person soon after death. The

body of the daughter was found lying upon the floor near the street door. It was naked, with the exception of an old cloak tied round her shoulders, a bonnet, stockings, and a gosh on her left foot. The cottage was in a most wretched and dilapidated condition. There was no furniture or food of any kind to be found. It appeared that the deceased were staymakers, and that five years ago they kept a shop and had some property, but had since fallen into distress. Both were of eccentric habits, particularly the daughter. The mother had been in the habit of applying for relief at private houses, and had been cautioned by the police. She would not apply at the workhouse, being of a haughty spirit. Mr. M. Mason, a surgeon, proved that death had resulted from starvation and exposure to cold; and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with this testimony.

At the Clerkenwell Police-court a boy named Barnard, thirteen years of age, has been charged on remand with attempting to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Regent's canal. The lad was so determined in his resolve to drown himself that when a man jumped into the canal and caught hold of him, the boy struggled so desperately that the man, for his own safety, had to let him go. He went to the bottom of the canal, where he remained for some time till the drags were fetched. He was got out and taken to the police-station, where he stated that he was determined to make away with himself because his father ill-treated him. His father, he added, had repeatedly said he would hang for his son, and on the morning that he had attempted to commit suicide he said he would poison him. The father denied his son's statement, and said that he had him four different situations, light, he was discharged from every one in consequence of committing thefts. The boy was remanded that inquiries might be made, and subsequently a policeman reported to the magistrate that he found the father to be a very respectable man, and what he had said about his son's thieving was perfectly correct. Mr. Barker discharged the young rascal with a caution, and he left the court with his parents.

The Baroness Julia Ebergeny, who as may be remembered, was about two years back condemned to imprisonment for life, for having, with Count Chorsinsky, poisoned the wife of the latter, has just made an attempt to escape from the prison of Nendorf, under the disguise of a nun. She was, however, detected and stopped by one of the gaolers at the moment she was about to pass through the gates. A lady belonging to a high family of Vienna was waiting for her outside with a carriage.

The verdict of self-murder has been returned at Driffield, Yorkshire, against a young woman who had received notice from her mistress for telling tales, and poisoned herself. She was buried at midnight, and "in the unconsecrated part of the cemetery"—that is, among the Dissenters. The verdict was much resented by the townspeople.

An application was made to Mr. Baron Bramwell on behalf of the plaintiff in the case of Sutton v. Borradaile for a certificate that the cause was a fit one to be tried in a superior court. His lordship refused the application, and the verdict therefore does not carry costs. Mr. J. Seaman, manager of the *London Review*, in a letter to the *Times*, states that Miss Sutton has never at any time had any connexion with the *London Review*.

Lord Byron's valet, Linsley, who was present at the poet's death, and immediately thereafter, is now a cripple in a Western hospital. He was in Abraham Lincoln's company in the Black Hawk war, and served throughout the late conflict in the 61st Illinois Regiment. He is in great destitution and distress.

A boy of fourteen was loading a gun in his mother's kitchen at Doncaster, when the piece went off, and a servant reading at the fireside was hit and mortally wounded. Such a thing ought not to be possible, at least without responsibility somewhere.

HAIR THIEVES.—An American paper states that in consequence of the demand for hair of peculiar colours and shades a new branch of "kleptical industry" has sprung up in New York. It appears that the hair thief abounds in the horse car of the city, where the excuse of putting his elbow on the window enables him to operate with greater ease; but he is also to be found in every place of public gathering, the church included. The tresses dangling behind the head are his easy prey.

Another shocking colliery explosion has occurred in South Lancashire, at the Highbrooks Colliery, near Wigton, belonging to Messrs. Mercer and Evans. Upwards of seventy men were at work in the pit on Thursday morning last week, when the explosion took place; 30 or more of these were brought to the bank uninjured; fifteen others were recovered fearfully burnt or suffering from the effects of the choke-damp; and twenty-eight were dead before the exploring party reached them; of the injured five have since died. The explosion is attributed to a shot which has not broken down the coal, but has been blown out. The seam in which it took place was notably gaseous one, and it is stated that every means which could be suggested had been adopted to secure the safety of the workmen. The colliery is, however, an unfortunate one. In 1865 over 100 colliers were imprisoned in it several days by the breakage of the machinery, and in 1866 an explosion occurred by which thirty persons lost their lives.

Riding habits are worn so short just now that some ladies in the Row are greatly embarrassed to manage them; though a few, who probably introduced the fashion, are not embarrassed by the costume at all. It must be said against the long habit that it got covered with mud in bad weather, and that the new mode gives the dress further beyond the reach of this disfigurement.

THE GOOD WIFE.—The good wife should resemble three things; a first, three things she should not be like. First, she should resemble a snail—always keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail, for anything she has upon her back. Second, she should resemble an echo—to speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Third she should resemble a town-clock—always keep in good time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks: "The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the trade only in 4*lb.*, 1*lb.*, and 1*lb.* tin-lined packets, labelled James Epps and Co., homoeopathic chemists, London.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

THE *New York Times* of the 22nd ult. gives the following account of a marriage of a Bourbon prince in New York: "The marriage of a prince of the House of Bourbon was celebrated on Saturday afternoon at Jefferson Market Police-court, by Justice Dodge. The bridegroom, Prince Louis of Bourbon, or, more extensively, Prince Louis-Marie-Ferdinand-Pierre-d'Alcantara, is the first son of Count d'Aquila, uncle of Francis II., ex-King of Naples, and the Princess Marie-Jeanne, daughter of the late Emperor of Brazil, Pedro I. The bride was Miss Amelia Isabel Hamill, a Havana belle, or, more properly, an American belle, for our American correspondent, in his last letter, said that she was a native of New Orleans, whose family moved to Havana some fifteen years ago. It was in Paris that the lovers met, and our Paris news some weeks ago contained an account of their romantic attachment, and subsequently we had an account of their elopement from Paris to Cologne. The prince's father had refused to assent to the marriage, and at Cologne the authorities of the Church refused to permit its celebration; but the gallant prince was not the man to be overcome by political, dynastic, or ecclesiastical obstacles; and it happened that the father of the bride, who, unlike the father of the bridegroom, was willing, telegraphed from Havana, by way of New York, to Paris, through the Cuban and Atlantic cables, that the pair should come to this city, where they would have their nuptials celebrated in a free country. Here they arrived last week, the prince being accompanied by her mother, but here also the authorities of the Catholic Church stepped in to prevent the marriage at the very moment of its celebration. Daunted, doubtless, but not discomfited, the prince determined upon a civil marriage, and proceeded to the City-hall to have his honour the Mayor perform the ceremony. But Mayor Oakley Hall happened to be absent (we do not suppose he will ever forgive himself for that absence which destroyed his chance of being Mayor of a Bourbon prince), and the prince and his lady proceeded to Jefferson Market Police-court (what a dreadful thought!), where Justice Dodge performed the marriage ceremony, as by law provided, and the twin, now man and wife, proceeded to their lodgings. It is a real love adventure of a gallant young man, and his lady, and his labours with his proud father, his devices with the French Emperor, and his pleading with the Archbishop of Cologne, his difficulty with the Catholic authorities of New York, and his final triumph and the consummation of his desires by a happy marriage, will constitute material for a first-class tale illustrative of the fact that the course of true love never did run smooth. He is not yet twenty-four.

A Parisian gentleman, who dines out every day and night during the season, says the practice of asking more people to a ball than the rooms will hold, even if the men and women are packed, has become so ridiculous as to oblige some of the late arrivals not only to occupy the stairs, but the hall of the hotel. "Last night," he adds, "I never attempted even to approach the first floor; I found some friends in the hall below, and the servants waiting for the company were turned out, poor fellows, and we took tea in a fainting, and a pleasant gossip. Two ladies were brought down in a fainting, and one old gentleman, we heard, had indulged in a fainting, was out of the question." People who give balls in Paris think that the more persons they make uncomfortable, the greater the success of the fête.

A young woman in Chicago has invented a new branch of love usefulness. She advertises that she will "give lessons in etiquette and the art and mystery of conversing with ladies, to any young gentleman who does not get lost in the society of the opposite sex. Tuition to lovers extra." She makes a specialty of proposals in various forms.

A case has just come to our knowledge which is probably without parallel in the annals of St. Valentine. Six young ladies in an English boarding-school—two of them hailing from the North—purchased a very pretty valentine, which they sent directed to "His Holiness the Pope, Rome." Accompanying the valentine was a letter, signed by all the young ladies, stating that they had seen His Holiness's condemnation of chignons and long dresses, and had been so impressed by it that they had given up both. The young ladies waited patiently, and in due time received a letter from Cardinal Antonelli acknowledging receipt of valentine and epistle, which had afforded his Holiness much gratification. The letter was in French. The young ladies were delighted to get an epistle from such an exalted prelate, and another post brought back their valentine, with the Pope's blessing beautifully written upon it in Italian. His Holiness had not been accustomed to such souvenirs, and though it could be doubly valuable returned with his benediction. The young ladies were immensely pleased, and are now having the documents lithographed for preservation, the originals to be given to the girl who suggested the affair. It may be added that no one of the young ladies has one either taken down her chignon or shortened her dress one-eighth of an inch; the whole matter having been entered into as a joke, although it may seem to some that for a few girls to hoax His Holiness Pope Pius IX., and his great Lord Cardinal of a secretary, was hoaxing in rather high quarters.

A few months ago a Vienna dentist supplied Madame de B., a lady well known in the fashionable circles of the *Autriche*, with a splendid set of false teeth, worth about forty pounds, and waited with exceeding patience for payment. Finding that the lady "made no sign," he applied, after three months had elapsed from the date of the delivery, by letter for the discharge of his claim. No answer. A fortnight later he wrote again, in somewhat stronger language, but received as little notice of his second as of his first application. Determined to have his money, and to be even with Madame de B. for her discourtesy, he last week inserted in a small suburban paper the following advertisement: "A magnificent set of self-adjusting enamelled teeth to be sold dirt cheap. The young ladies are invited to view in the mouth of Madame de B. (full name), Stadt, So-and-So-street, No. 12." Then he cut out the slip and inclosed it to the fair defaulter in an envelope. Two hours after his bill was paid, and Madame de B. hoped, as the paper in which the advertisement appeared was an insignificant one, that she had heard the last of her bargain; but, alas! the leading journals of Vienna have got hold of the story.

A young and beautiful duchess—all duchesses are not young and beautiful—well known in the Parisian fashionable world, has fallen in love with an actor, and goes every night to the theatre to applaud him; at least, such was the *on dit* on the Boulevards lately.

"It is a real pleasure for us to speak favourably of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, known almost universally to be an excellent remedy for burns, bruises, sprains and other injuries. It is invaluable for colds, coughs, rheumatism, &c., as well as in every family."—*Christian Advocate*.

The Humourist.

A SIMPLE MAIDEN'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

Tell us not in idle jingle "marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single, and such are not what they seem!

Life is real! life is earnest! single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returneth!" has been spoken of the rib.
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way,
But to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day,
Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts, though light and gay,

Still like pleasant drums are beating wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle! be a heroine—a wife.
Trust no future, how'er pleasant, let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act to the living Present! heart within and hope ahead!
Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well!
And, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall tell,
Such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother, seeing, shall take heart and court.
Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set;
Still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.

Once on a time, it happened that a poor wight married a shrew,
who led him a piteous life. She fell ill, the doctor was called in,
and the anxious, affectionate husband, inquired of him how his dear spouse was? Galen shook his head, and told him to prepare for the worst. "What," said he, "is she likely to get over it?"

A wag, who was asked to buy a bank-note detector one day, said he would purchase it if it would detect a bank-note in his pocket.

"This tough steak makes me think of a famous old English poet." "That's queer. What poet does it make you think of?" "Chaucer."

When is money damp?—When it is dew in the morning and mist at night.

A Southern editor is bitterly opposed to the education of women as surgeons. Suppose, he says, a gentleman were put under the influence of chloroform by such a doctress—what is to prevent the woman from kissing him?

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

"Won't you take half this poor apple?" said a pretty damsel. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a better half." Eliza blushed, and referred him to her papa.

"Cory O'Leary" has a good note about the velocipede. He thinks Mexicans ought to be the best riders, because the more revolutions you make the faster you go.

An American exchange says they have an order of K.C.B.

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JOHN JERRARD, 112, Fleet-street, London.

in the United States, but it has no reference to the bath, as it means Knight of the Carpet Bag.
Why is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him going too far.

They who think there is no vacuum in nature forget a coquette's heart and a dandy's skull.

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very retaking disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, Sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasion?" "She always retaliated, Sir."

"I say, did you see it done?" "No, I was not an eye-witness, but an ear-witness." "A near witness, and not a nigh witness! That's what I call a distinction without a difference."

Old people should refrain from joking. It is *bad-in-age*.

A farmer, having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe their peculiarity. After he had done so the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have some like them in my yard." "That's very likely," replied the farmer; "these are not the only ducks of the same sort I've had stolen lately."

A gentleman received an unpaid letter, commencing, "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose—"Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

In cold, northern countries, by a wise provision of nature, the mountains are clad in "firs."

(From Punch.)

Not Hervey's Now, but—The world is divided into three classes, men, women, and people who have written to the papers to say they didn't give bail for Mother Rachel.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—A writer in the *Times* upon the "Criminal haunts" of London, assigns much of their vice to the demoralising influence of the numerous low pawnbrokers. In fact, these criminal haunts would never be so full of crime, were it not for the abundance of the criminal "uncles."

"Operative Spinners."—Spiters.

From the Hotels.—The Nova-Scotian Giantess is staying at Long's. The Siamese Twins are at The United.

SHE "JESTS AT SCARS," &c.—Aunt. "And how's Louisa, my dear? Where is she?" Sarcastic Younger Sister (*fancy free*). "Oh, pretty well, but she won't be on view these two hours. She's writing to her 'dear Fred'; at least I fancy I saw her come out of the library with Tupper's Poems and a dictionary!"

(From Fun.)

A Voice from the Rank.—When does a caddy resemble a carpenter's instrument? When he's a screwed driver, of course.

Down Again.—The great "musical pitch" question is slowly, but surely, making its way. We read in a very peculiar metre-ological report, "Drums lowered on the South and East coasts."

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—The verdure of the country has an almost magical charm for the pent-up Londoner, but, strange to say, we never yet met with a caddy who had the slightest affection for "the green yard."

MESDAMES LE BOUTILLIER,
125, OXFORD-STREET, W.,

Have just returned from Paris with a CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF NOVELTIES, including BRETON WORK on different coloured Cashmere and Satins, with Medallions for Crest or Monogram.

The New TISSU INDIEN, for Banners, Portières, Antimacassars, Cushions, and Sachets.

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(From the Free Lance.)

A Highway Robbery.—Stealing a weathercock.
Great Shakes.—Railway collisions.
The Happy Dispatch.—A speedy wedding.
What most Resembles a Ship's Crew?—Why a ship screw, to be sure.

A Party Question.—Are you engaged for the next quadrille?

DESIGNS WANTED FOR

A set of artificial teeth for the month of the Mersey.
A new mattress for the bed of the Irwell.
A clothes-prop for the Equinoctial Line.

A saddle for a night-mare.
A pair of oars for a butter-boat.

A lid for a Christmas-box.
A bonnet and chignon for the head of Loch Katrine.

A slipper for the foot of Mont Blanc.
An immense pen to rule railway lines.

A kid glove for a hand at whist.
A bridle for a clothes-horse.

A cork for a bottle-jack.
A steam-saw to cut sun-beams.

WEIGHING A STEPMOTHER.—A most interesting ceremony was recently gone through at the residence of Rajahs Kally Krishna, Komul Krishna, and Narendra Krishna Bahadours.

The Rajahs had their stepmother weighed in scales, in one of which were placed gold mohurs and rupees. These, together with a quantity of rice, sugar, ghee, &c., were then presented to Brahmins. The kanga also shared the bounty of the Rajahs, inasmuch as they obtained alms to the extent of two annas each.

This liberality on the part of the Sobha Bazar speaks for itself, and we can only wish that their liberality were more wisely bestowed. The example might then be of service to their countrymen. The amount expended was 10,000 rupees.

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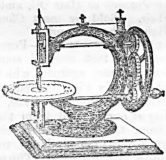
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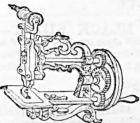
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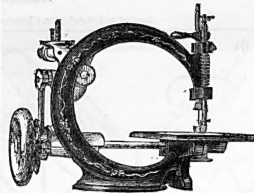
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